National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXIII. NO. 46. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1863. WHOLE NO. 1,190.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT $2 50 PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At Its Office, No. 48 Beekman Street, New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

106 *North-Tenth Street, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

COMPLIMENTS FOR COPPERHEADS.

From The Richmond Enquirer.

WE all know, indeed, and are happy to know, that some of the North-western States are very sick of this war, heartily disaffected to the Washington government, strongly disposed to *sneak out* of the debt they have incurred, and to ask alliance, or even union with the Confederacy, "if agreeable." This is a wholesome state of feeling, and must produce its fruits of disorganization and discouragement in the North-western troops. But let us not mistake the matter. Not one of those States has yet pronounced itself in this sense, though some stump orators have. When they do take such action—that is, when their Legislatures and Governors accredit commissioners to Richmond for any such purpose, no doubt, they will be received and answered according to the nature of their proposal. We presume they will be told that the first thing they have to do is *to call back their forces* to their own country, that then we will be willing to make treaties with them, but that as to a union with the Confederacy, under the "old flag," or any other, *they come two years too late.* Two years, and an abyss of horror and hatred, and the blood of our slaughtered brothers crying aloud from the ground, all prohibit that impious union; *if they repudiate the debt they have contracted, and abandon the government they have established, and recant the vows, and break pledges, and eat dirt, it is well; we shall be charmed;* the movement will suit us perfectly; and, although we shall *not exactly respect* the actors in that affair, yet we shall not be unwilling to trade with them—*holding our noses a little*—and to show them all suitable civilities—*but at a proper distance.*"

From The Richmond Examiner.

The Northern Democrats ask now that, with the frivolity of children, the two communities should ignore the past, should treat the tremendous events of the last forty years as trifles, and, with a debt of two or three billions of dollars incurred in mutual slaughter, should shake the bloody hands of each other, and be brethren once more. The thing is not possible. It would be barbarous, corrupt, and wicked. Who but brutes could shake hands and be friends with the slayers of brothers and companions? Probably half a million of men on both sides have fallen as victims to this frightful war. Is each community to throw off the habiliments of mourning—to forget their dead—and revel in mutual amity over the graves of the slain? The spectacle would disgust the world. Heaven would be horrified at the impiety of the scene.

Honorable peace is always to be desired. War should not be prolonged one moment from mere sentiments of revenge. But political union and social amity with the slayers of hundreds of thousands of our countrymen would be an indecency revolting to every virtuous, pious and chivalrous instinct of human nature.

From The Richmond Enquirer.

Let us respond to the sympathies of the North-west in the proper spirit—that is, with the bayonet. Those fond feelings which (they say) are gushing and flowing toward us now, let us not rudely turn back to their spring in the Hoosier heart, but rather open wider the source, and quicken the current, and swell the volume of their love, by the only means we have ever used with success—namely: horse, foot, and especially artillery.

From The Richmond Dispatch.

We published yesterday an extract from a late speech of John Van Buren, from which it may be seen that he is as much for the prosecution of the war as Lincoln or Sumner. We were confident that not only he but *all* the apparent friends of the South in the Northern States would be of that way of thinking as soon as they found that the South would not agree to any further political association with them. They only differ from the Abolitionists in the manner of reconstructing that concern. They are for accomplishing it by means of a treaty, while the Abolitionists are bent upon subjugating us. But the Union—the blessed Union—"the best government the world ever saw"—is the cry of them all. To effect its restoration they are alike ready to drown the earth in blood, provided it can be effected in no other way.

Let us cease to talk or even to think about mediation, or recognition, or intervention, or disruption among the remaining States of the Union. Nothing has a greater tendency to relax the efforts of our authorities in filling up the ranks, or to incline the hearts of our soldiers to avoid the inevitable hardships of their situation. It is natural that the men should relax in their discipline when they are told that whole States are breaking off from the Yankees, and coming to fight their battles for them. Just at this time it is especially important for them to know that they have their own valor alone to depend on, and to teach them anything else is to do the cause a serious injury.

LETTER FROM T. FOWELL BUXTON.

[A friend of ours, after reading the followirg letter, wittily remarked that the writer had evidently *descended* from his father.]

To the Editor of The London Times.

SIR: In your paper of to-day you ask "Whether the sons of Wilberforce and of Buxton, who have all been brought up in the teachings of their fathers, now share the opinions of the present Emancipation Society as to the proclamation of Mr. Lincoln."

If the proclamation means anything, if it is not a dead letter—it means to attack the weak point of the South by exciting an insurrection among the slaves—an insurrection which would commence by producing untold misery to many isolated families of whites, and would inevitably end in a wholesale massacre of the unarmed, ill-organized, ignorant negroes. Can you seriously ask whether the sons of Wilberforce and of Buxton approve this?

I cannot doubt what view my father would have taken. There was nothing he more earnestly deprecated, nothing he so anxiously dreaded, as the revolt of the slaves. His letters and speeches during the battle for Emancipation are full of references to this greatest subject of anxiety. In a letter dated Oct. 15, 1832, he writes:

"If the emancipation of the slaves were in my power I could not dare to accomplish it without previous police regulations. These ought to be taken instantly, for I know our power of emancipating in one way or another is fast drawing to a close. I mean that the negroes will take the work into their own hands. But, whoever else is willing to undertake the weight of so enormous a responsibility, I am not, without considering the personal safety of all classes."

Again, in a debate in the House of Commons, on the 12th of June, 1833, he says:

"Were an amendment on this plan to be made and carried, and we were in consequence to lose this measure altogether, an insurrection would inevitably take place, and I confess I cannot with firmness contemplate so horrible a termination of slavery."

I hope no one will suspect, because none of father's descendants have taken part in the recent Emancipation meetings, that the abhorrence of slavery or our zeal for Emancipation has grown cold. God forbid that such should be the case. I never was more strongly impressed than now with the cruelty, wickedness and folly of the system of slavery; I never was more convinced of its demoralizing effect upon both master and slave. Yet, in the cause of the negro himself, I cannot regard with approval the act of Mr. Lincoln, which, if effective, must bring about "so horrible a termination of slavery" as a servile war.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

T. FOWELL BUXTON.

Leytonstone, Feb. 19.

WHAT THEY WANT.

From The Charleston Mercury.

It is useless to attempt to disguise it. A slaveholding people are a peculiar people, and they cannot admit an unguarded intercourse with every other people without danger to themselves. The statutes of every Southern State show how carefully their peace is to be guarded from the interference of citizens of other States. Free, unrestricted intercourse can only be safe with other slaveholding States. Hence we are for embracing in our Confederacy every State which recognizes and establishes the institution of slavery by its fundamental law. But to give to our Yankee enemies the privileges of citizens of the Confederate States, in all the relations of commerce, is to defeat the very objects of our Confederacy. Those objects are peace and justice and prosperity. Neither of these can be safe under the commercial predominance of the Northern people. With commercial dependence on the part of the South, the anti-slavery North will thrive and grow as heretofore, fattening upon the transaction of our business, and receiving the lion's share of the profits of our labors. The South, however prosperous, will grow beautifully less in comparison, until her liberties and institutions get to be past praying for. Yet we are perfectly willing to give them all the commercial privileges granted to other nations; and we are for free trade with all nations, excepting so far as the peace and defense of the Confederate States, as slaveholding States, shall require. Direct trade with all nations, and favors to none, is our policy; but to establish free trade with the Yankees, while the intercourse and commerce of other nations are trammeled with import duties or prohibitions, will, in our judgment, be a folly which no repentance can ever atone for.

Selections.

STAND BY THE GOVERNMENT.

[On the 27th of February, GERRIT SMITH delivered a speech in Albany, the key-note of which is in its title: "Stand by the Government." He spoke in support of the following resolution: "Whereas, The one work of the nation is to crush the rebellion; and whereas it can be accomplished through the government only; Therefore Resolved, that Democrats, Republicans and Abolitionists—men of all parties and men of no parties—should stand by the government, and sympathize with it under its embarrassments, and bear its burdens, and be grateful for its fidelity, and, whilst quick to commend its wise measures, should never criticise its mistakes but in the spirit of patriotism instead of party, and but to make the government stronger instead of weaker, and the enemy weaker instead of stronger." He distributed his argument under these heads: 1. The Rebellion must be put down; 2. All hands must help put it down; 3. The Northern people should all declare that the Rebellion is entirely groundless and exceedingly wicked; 4. The Rebellion must be put down unconditionally; 5. The clamor for carrying on the war in only a constitutional way should cease, for it springs neither from good sense nor from an enlightened and enlarged patriotism, and it is fraught with peril, if not indeed with ruin to our cause. The extracts below are from the closing part of the speech.]

WE must all stand by the government, and do all we can to make strong its heart and hands. Ours is an intelligent government, and it is honestly intent in putting down the rebellion. Every government falls into mistakes. Doubtless ours has fallen into some. But the Democrats complain too unqualifiedly and sweepingly of it. I admit that they are entirely right in denouncing the unnecessary seizure and imprisonment of citizens. Nevertheless there *are* instances of their necessary seizure and imprisonment; and moreover there are instances (I confess comparatively few) where there is not opportunity for the examination of the accused either previous to or immediately after his arrest. But, Democrats, if you will bear in mind that this power to seize and imprison citizens is, although a very necessary one, a very odious one, you will see that government is under a strong motive to exercise it sparingly, and only for the safety of the country. I am not a member of the Republican party. Nevertheless, I can trust our Republican government at this point. I would, Democrats, that you also might be willing to trust it. Enlighten it, and remonstrate with it, as there may be occasion. But do not array yourselves against it. For the dear country's sake be on its side—its friend and not its foe.

Let me speak of an error, which not Democrats only but Republicans also are liable to fall into. Now a Fremont, now a Hunter, now a Fitz John Porter, and now a McClellan comes under the censure of the government. Perhaps in every instance the censure is unjust. But, Democrats and Republicans, if there be an instance in which you are entirely sure it is unjust, nevertheless do not add to the embarrassments of the government and the perils of the country by making it an occasion for complimenting and glorifying the censured one. In this wise you will gather a party around him; and it will not fail to be a party against the government. But the government, so long as it has the armed South for a party against it, cannot afford to encounter any other party. I do not know but the government fell into mistakes in regard to all these Generals. But I do know that whether it did or did not, the present is not the time to punish the mistakes of the government. As much as we can now do is to punish the crimes of the rebels. Let the friends of the Fremonts and McClellans be patient. Justice will be done to their favorites; and the less hurriedly the more perfectly.

I pass to the wrong which those Abolitionists commit who condemn the President for not proclaiming freedom to all the slaves, and also to the wrong which those Democrats commit who condemn him for proclaiming it to any. Now, the truth on the one hand is, that the President has no right to abolish slavery except as Commander-in-Chief, and no right even in that capacity to abolish it any further or faster than the military necessities of the country call for. The truth on the other hand is, that he has the right to abolish any and all slavery the abolition of which is called for by such necessities. In his much criticised, much condemned and much ridiculed letter to Horace Greeley, the President laid down the true doctrine in this case. If it would help us in the war to call to our side the slaves of South Carolina, then the President should call them. If it would not help us to call those of North Carolina, those he should not call. In nothing of all this has he aught to do with the morality of slavery. I grant that if the slaves will not come, it is useless to call them; and I am aware that it is very frequently and confidently asserted that their love of their masters and mistresses is too great to permit them to come. If, however, they will come, then by all means they should be called—and this, too, even if they should, as it is said they would, prove too lazy to work where there are no whips to work under; and even if they should, as it is said they would, prove too cowardly to fight. For left where they are, their toil sustains the rebellion.

I claim not to know whether the slaves will come to our standard—nor whether if they should come they will either work or fight. But I do claim that, inasmuch as there is a chance, be it however small, that they will come, and a chance, be it however small, that they will work, and a chance, be it however small, that they will fight, the President's proclamation of Freedom is justified. For what if it shall turn out that the slaves *are* able to tear themselves away from their dear masters and mistresses! What an immense advantage to our cause will that be; and even though they shall prove unable or unwilling to render us any service after coming to us! And then if it shall turn out that they are willing to work on our side, and to work as faithfully as did that comparative handful of escaped and deserted slaves who, instead of being, as was all along alleged, a charge upon our national treasury, put into it, over and above wages and expenses, between five and six hundred thousand dollars, then will this immense advantage be doubled.

I repeat that I know not whether the slaves will come to us, or whether if they do they will work or fight. They are called the most patient and forgiving of all the races. They will certainly prove that they are, if they can forget that monstrous and meanest crime of letting the thousands who toiled on the Vicksburg cut-off fall again into the hands of the vindictive slaveholders; and if they can also forget the innumerable instances in which slaves coming to our lines, some with very valuable news of the designs and movements of the enemy, and all with hearts and hands to help us, have with satanic malignity been returned to the fate from which they had fled; and if, in a word, they can forget our persistent ridicule, loathing and murderous hate of a people who have done not one wrong in return for the mountains of wrong under which we have buried them. It is true that even such a people may at last be goaded to revengeful and bloody insurrections. Not, however, if they can have a way of escape from their oppressors. The President's proclamation is the safety-valve. One of my chief reasons for welcoming it was, that it would probably prevent servile insurrections.

And there is still another complaint which I have to make. It is the injustice and insult to the President of which they are guilty, who charge him with turning the war into an abolition war. He solemnly declares that his sole end is to put down the rebellion; and that whatever he does with slavery is done but incidentally and but to that sole end. What if the President, having taken it into his head that one of the most effective things which could be done toward prostrating the rebellion is to free the cotton from the tenacious grasp of the Confederate government, should be multiplying endeavors to that end? Would it be fair to charge him with perverting the war into a war to free the cotton? I deliberately affirm that it would be quite as fair as to charge him with perverting it into a war to free the slave. Let us all be just to the President. To be unjust to him is not only to wrong him, but to wrong and perhaps ruin the country. Democrats! there are some who accuse you of opposing the President's proclamation because you would pervert the war into a war for slavery. Are you not indignant at the accusation? Surely, you should be. For nothing in all the history of man could be more revolting than such a perversion of a just war and such a betrayal of a righteous cause. Great is the wickedness of a slaveholding people who make war for slavery. But the wanton and unmitigated wickedness of a non-slaveholding people, who should join them, would be infinitely greater.

I must bring my speech to a close. Do you wonder that I, so old and so radical an Abolitionist, have expressed in it no concern about slavery? I could not express what I did not feel. Since the bombarding of Sumter I have felt no concern about slavery—for I could not doubt that it was the effectual bombarding of slavery. As the war has advanced I have been increasingly confident that the people would never consent to reëstablish the cause of all this blood and horror and desolation. As I have seen the ploughshare of war pass through slavery, I have felt more and more that the time for the abomination to pass away had come. And now have we signs that the very earthquakes of war will soon be rending this mountain of oppression, and tossing its parts hither and thither beyond all possibility of restoration.

Moreover, civilization is everywhere casting off slavery: and there is reason to hope that even the South will become so far civilized by this war as no longer to desire slavery. It is indeed sad to have to number war amongst the civilizing agents. Nevertheless so it is that whilst the nations are on their present low plane—a plane in the case of some of them not above the barbarism of slaveholding—it is hardly extravagant to say of them that, "without shedding of blood there is no" civilization. War is emphatically the worst of all remedies. But the nations are still too low and barbarous to try only the better ones.

Yes, the slave is soon to go free. Heaven's time for setting him free is at hand; and earth and hell cannot prevail against Heaven. He goes free by the shedding of blood. But it is the blood of his common oppressors North and South, instead of his own! Wondrous manifestations of the Divine hand! Wondrous retributions of the Divine justice!

But though I am sure that the innocent slave shall go free, I am not sure that the guilty nation shall live. God alone knows what penalty will be adequate to its enormous, continued and unrepented of [illegible] stroyed, and to be a warning, loud and long, against oppression. Nevertheless, though we are to be submissive to whatever may be in store for her, we are to labor zealously, wisely and incessantly for her salvation.

My hearers, we will all stand by the government, will we not? Although some of us are Democrats and some Republicans and some Abolitionists, we will nevertheless lock hands as Americans, will we not? We will all of us, notwithstanding our party divisions and party interests, generously and patriotically band ourselves together to crush this causeless and accursed rebellion, will we not? Would that we might this night feel more deeply than ever that it is not by the rebels that we can be conquered, but only by ourselves. Nothing is truer than that the life of the rebellion is in disunion at the North. Nothing is truer than that it would find its death in union at the North.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE CHEROKEE NATION.

Correspondance of The Missouri Democrat.

CAMP BLUNT, ARK., Feb. 26, 1863.

THE Cherokee National Council has just adjourned. It convened in Delaware District, Cherokee Nation, a few miles from Camp John Ross, where Col. Phillips camped the 3d Brigade, to guard its proceedings. The result of this Legislative Assembly is the most significant and instructive. The members of the body were elected nearly two years ago. They are the old Legislature—the Legislature that was coerced into an ordinance of secession by the rebel army. The first act of the Legislature was to repeal the ordinance of secession, which was done unanimously. The next act was to deprive of office in the nation, and disqualify all who should continue to be rebellious or disloyal to the United States government. The courts and other legal business of the nation will go on as heretofore the moment the country is peaceable enough to warrant it.

A law was enacted appointing a delegation to visit Washington about the military and civil affairs of the nation, and this delegation was authorized to abolish slavery in the nation should the Congress extend the same privilege to the nation as to the border States. This was to be a remunerated emancipation, hanging to the clause of a bargain.

But this could neither meet the wishes or the notions of the Cherokee legislators. Capt. Bird Geitz, somewhat noted for fighting the rebels in the mountains before he joined the Federal service, a full-blooded Indian, and good lawyer, framed a bill for *unconditional* emancipation. He introduced his bill with a fine speech, and was eloquently supported by Capt. James Vann, Lieut.-Col. Lewis Deming and others. The argument was this: "That slavery had precipitated this peaceful, happy and glorious nation in war. Slavery was responsible for all the ills that had befallen the Cherokee people and the country. That President Lincoln had struck at the head of the monster in his Emancipation proclamation, and that it behooves every patriot and statesman to sustain the President and meet the issue. That without this there was no peace for our distracted country." A few clung to the hope of emancipation with compensation, and urged the losses of the people already, but the majority urged that the bill ought not to be so clogged. If the government chose to pay the loyal, very well, but they would leave such a necessary act as the abolition of slavery to no contingencies, and no one should do it for them. It was their work. To the question that "free negroes would crowd in," etc., Lieut.-Col. Deming made an eloquent reply, in which he said that, awakened by the grandeur of this struggle, the Cherokee nation could surely afford to do right, and look for God's blessing on our cause, if a million of refugees should flock to it.

Nothing could be more instructive to us as a nation, than this simple and great action of the Cherokee people. We boast of ourselves, of our intelligence and shrewdness, yet debate and cavil at this late day over selfish interests that have betrayed us, and base prejudices that have led us to ruin. Surely God, in his infinite wisdom, has raised up these people to rebuke those who would still fight against the providences of God. When the history of this great rebellion, and of this nation is written, the Cherokees shall make no mean figure. Under the leadership of Col. Phillips, they fought desperately at Newtonia, and Cane Hill, and have distinguished themselves in every battle of the South-west this past season. They have fought fearlessly and bravely, second to no other troops, even while their families have suffered untold misery and disaster, and now they come cheerfully up to offer the slavery of their nation to the cause of Liberty and Union. "He that hath ears to hear, *let him hear.*" KAW.

BLACK SOLDIERS.

[Gen. T. Perronet Thompson, a liberal member of the British Parliament and a man of large military experience, thus comments in the Bradford *Advertiser* on the use of blacks in war, with reference to our great struggle:]

IT is wonderful how a game may be spoilt, by people who have their heart in the business. Now here is Congress, after volunteering the loss of two hundred thousand lives in hopes of avoiding it, consents to reply to a rebellion in support of African slavery, by raising an African army upon the rebels. Hard work and much contest there was, to arrive at so much of what might have been supposed the first dictate of public honor and individual good sense. But even then, the thing must be spoilt in the baking, like the prophet's uninviting operation. Would not sensible men, or at all events men strong enough to put down the opposite, have looked about them and seen how the same kind of thing had been done before?—At all events to the extent of avoiding unnecessarily mingling their dish with loathed ingredients.

There were two great examples for their use. The conduct of the English in raising native troops in India, and black regiments in the West India colonies. In both these cases there was the jealousy of race and color. But the English Parliament did not take into its special care and keeping the putting forward these jealousies in the way that should be most damaging to the end designed. The English Parliament is not the weakest assembly in the world; it has a very tolerable notion of going the way to do what it takes in hand.

It was never part of the English policy to raise troops to be commanded by officers of Indian extraction. Not the son of a Maharajah was invited to enter the army list as Ensign in a Company's regiment. There was a distinct organization of native officers, with the rank of native Captain and Lieutenant, beside what may be called non-commissioned; but they all rose from the ranks. They held very respectable positions. It was etiquette to ask them to sit down; at least, he was a pig that did not. Considerate general officers appointed the senior native officer one of their aides-de-camp. His caste prevented his joining in many of the offices of an aide-de-camp; but he enjoyed an *otium cum dignitate* in the General's tent or ante-chamber. The native officers did a great deal of the duty of their regiments, while the white were storing up health under shelter, and they rode a pony on the march. They had good pensions, and were understood to live greatly respected when their powers of service failed. The great wonder was that they did not yield to the temptation of taking charge out of the white officers' hands; but they did not. On examination, the extent to which all the higher springs of discipline were in the hands of Europeans would be found sufficient to account for it.

But the English were never simple enough to parade the disabilities under which their Indian officers or troops were to labor. It is very doubtful, or rather it is not at all doubtful, whether the most exalted of native officers had distinct authority to recommend to an English recruit to keep step and not get in the way of his neighbors. *But nobody was foolish enough to dilate upon the fact.* Wisdom, it would seem, goes by longitude, for the latitudes are not very different.

In the black regiments in the West Indian colonies, the same good sense is displayed. It was never intended that they should be other than commanded by men of European birth, at least in the present generation. Whether it is written in the book of fate that the descendant of some dark Othello is to be gazetted to Her or His Majesty's commission of Ensign in the —— West Indian Regiment is among the secrets time will show. But nobody is such a goose as to talk about it now, and still less if it were the moment for an important movement dependent on such description of troops.

No force of white men can carry on war in a hot country, without at least an equal force of country muscle to help. The babes who pretend to campaign in the Southern States will find this out in time; with the addition, that theirs was the only side that [illegible] of the old. [illegible] teachers; misfortune is the only tonic for their case. Everybody knows who and what it must come to; but good blood will be shed like water first. The object in thus dabbling with the matter in America, was to play into the hands of the correspondents who are to say to us, "a colored man is not allowed to be an officer; therefore join heart and hand in selling his daughter to prostitution."

Of one thing let everybody be assured—that England is thoroughly sick of the attempts to involve her in a common foolery. The rough handling the Lord Mayor has just received for undertaking to patronize the Fugitive Slave law in the person of its reputed author, is the evidence of the day.

THE PROCLAMATION OF FREEDOM.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: Will you permit a friend to make a friendly criticism on the following lines from this morning's *Tribune:*

"Were the rebel States to say to the Federal government to-morrow, 'Withdraw your proclamation of freedom, and we will each return to loyalty, elect Members to the next Congress, and fulfill every constitutional obligation,' *we hold that the President would be at perfect liberty to accept the offer if he saw fit,* taking care that every one, whether white, black or of mixed blood, who had adhered to and served the Union in the struggle should be shielded from persecution therefor."

Your idea is, that the President, for certain reasons, may justifiably withdraw his proclamation. My idea (differing from a wiser man's) is, that the President cannot, for any reason, be justified in withdrawing his proclamation. As to any apprehended legislative or judicial denial of its validity (which may Heaven avert!) that does not in the least affect the duty of the President to enforce it with the whole power of the Executive. When some court shall seek to set it aside, the reply will be in the words of the Roman maxim: "A reason once admitted in favor of Liberty, *be it true or false,* can never be revoked." When the President himself shall contemplate its recall, the reply will be still more simple: "You and your Administration have made a vow to the nation; you cannot break it without perjury." Let the President remember a maxim of the Levitical law, which is good morality even for these times: "That which is gone out of thy lips thou shalt keep and perform."

The proclamation of the first of January was the most solemn pledge to which the government has set its seal for three generations. If this pledge be broken, what becomes of the public faith? Who will afterward listen when the government speaks? Who will take it at its word? A government that repudiates a national debt, due only in perishable silver and gold, is held dishonored. What, then, shall be said if it repudiates a more sacred debt of liberty, solemnly pledged to three million of its citizens?

The President esteemed his great act fit to merit "the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God." To what tribunal, then, will he appeal to justify its revocation?

In view of so great a calamity, I sorrowfully foresee the spectacle of three million of the most loyal children of the Republic lifting their unbroken chains to Heaven in testimony against a government that kept the word of promise to their ear, but broke it to their hope! Yours, respectfully,

THEODORE TILTON.

New York, March 16, 1863.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: In Monday's *Tribune* you use language intimating that the slaveholders of Georgia, or any other State now in rebellion, may, despite the General government, on condition that such State returns to loyalty, hold as slaves those persons nominally made free by the President's proclamation of Jan. 1, 1863. I think the recent opinion of Attorney-General Bates on the citizenship of colored persons settles the question. Mr. Bates proves incontrovertibly that free people of color, provided they are born and reside in the United States, are citizens. He shows that nativity is the basis of citizenship, and that the relation of the government to its citizens is that of the "reciprocal obligation of protection on the one side and allegiance on the other." This allegiance is due to the Federal government, not to a particular State, and it is but fair to infer that protection must come from the Federal government as being the wages of allegiance. It would be a sad disregard of the rule laid down by the Attorney-General, if citizens are bound to support the Federal government against any and every foe, domestic or foreign, whether that foe be a State at home or a State abroad, and yet the liberties of those citizens must be left at the mercy of some State which sees fit to enslave them. But anyhow, the word of the Attorney-General is law until reversed by a competent Court; and in his opinion the Federal government is bound to protect its citizens; and by the same opinion all the subjects of the proclamation are citizens, being free from the assumed disability of slavery, and having been born and now residing in the United States. With great respect, yours truly,

EDWARD GILBERT.

New York, March 17, 1863.

THE TRUE ISSUE.

BY HON. FRANCIS GILLETTE.

Curse on the innovating hand, that 'tempts it!
Remember him, the villain, righteous Heaven,
In thy great day of vengeance! Blast the traitor,
And his pernicious counsels; who, for wealth,
For power, the pride of greatness, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil war.

—*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

WHEN the news of the fall of Fort Sumter reached Richmond the rebels of that city, in the intoxication of their frantic joy, seized a slave-boy, and seated him on the head of the statue of Washington, which stood in one of its public squares. Horrible profanation! Brutal outrage! Barbarous indignity! Such are the exclamations which this shameful deed prompts to the lips of the true-hearted, who venerate the memory of the great liberator and father of his country. The slave surmounting Washington! Slavery exalted above liberty—could the rebellion have a fitter symbol?

This act of madness, so spontaneous and insulting to the dear memory of Washington, illustrates, as with sunlight, the nature and objects of the rebellion. That slave-boy, as he sat upon that marble head, and heard the jubilant shouts and jeers of the impious villains who mounted him there, must have had some inkling, at least, of the significancy of the scene. A slave sitting upon the monumental head of Washington! In that disgusting spectacle the world sees the character and aims of the rebel-chiefs who plunged the nation into war. It is thus symbolized as a war for the destruction of liberty and the exaltation of slavery; as a war of despotism against democracy; of absolutism against freedom, waged by a band of God-defying and man-crushing conspirators, who, for a long time, have been pouring out their vials of wrath upon freedom, and cursing her brave defenders. They have been scouting democracy as a pestilent phantasm pernicious to society, and lauding slavery as the "corner-stone" of all good government, and the harbinger of the political millennium. They have declared, over and over again, their hatred of everything free, and their determination to extend the law of slavery over the whole country. In 1836, Gov. McDuffie predicted within twenty-five years the triumph of slavery over the North, and the subjugation of its laboring population which, said he, "bleached or unbleached, is a dangerous element in the body politic."

Some twenty years ago Calhoun, the father of nullification and secession, stood up in the Senate of the United States, and declared the doctrine of equal human rights set forth in the Declaration of the Fathers, to be a "rhetorical flourish," and attempted to refute the assertion therein, that "all men are *created* equal" in political rights, by plumply denying that men are *created* at all, but that "babies are born, and men grow from them!" This was the great discovery of the great nullifier.

This rebellion had its source directly in a deep and malignant hatred of freedom and free government. Its diabolical aim is to crush democracy, and erect a slave oligarchy on its ruins. It is often said to have had its origin in slavery. This is true in a certain sense. But for the debauchery and perversion of slavery this hatred would not have been engendered, and instigated its victims to madness. The cup of slavery is the Circean cup which has transformed men into beasts, and made them fit for treason. While it is true, then, that the rebellion sprang primarily from that odious phase of character superinduced by slavery, it is no less true, that secondarily, it grew directly out of a lust for power, vaulting ambition, aristocratic contempt of the poor, and a morbid han[illegible] of the [illegible] and trappings of royalty. Hence the war was undertaken, not so much to strengthen, extend and perpetuate slavery, as to subvert our free government, and establish a despotism. With this end in view, the rebel chiefs haughtily spurned all compromise, and seizing their swords, struck for revolution. They had really no fear, as some of them frankly said, of any injustice from the Lincoln Administration, and confidently anticipated the full enjoyment of all their rights under the Constitution; but not content with this they wanted, as they said, a different Constitution based on slavery.

"It is a gross mistake," says DeBow in his *Review*, "to suppose that abolition alone is the cause of dissension between the North and South. * * We are the most aristocratic people in the world. Pride of caste, and color, and privilege, make every man an aristocrat in feeling. * * At the North, the progress and tendency of opinion are to pure democracy, less government, anarchy, and agrarianism. * * *Military despotism is far preferable to Northern democracy.*"

Says L. W. Spratt of South Carolina, in a letter to the Charleston *Mercury*, "Having achieved one revolution to escape democracy at the North, it [slavery] must still achieve another to escape it at the South"; that is, according to his argument, must reopen the African slave trade, and exclude free labor by filling the South with slaves.

Says A. H. Stephens of Georgia, the rebel Vice-President, "This stone [slavery] which was rejected by the first builders [Washington and his compatriots], 'is become the head of the corner' in our new edifice."

Already certain Southern newspapers, such as the Raleigh *Standard* and the Atlanta *Intelligencer*, are sounding the tocsin of peril to the Confederate government from a vast conspiracy which has been discovered in rebeldom, "in favor of a military despotism, or a king." Their writers are alarmed by the remarks so common from men in high positions, that "they are tired of freedom," and think the "English government to be the best government on earth." They begin to see the smoke and flames of the hell toward which they are drifting under the black flag of secessionism, and cry out with terror. They begin to understand the motives which instigated the arch-rebels to lift their red hands against a government which Davis and Stephens, not long before their revolt, had pronounced "the best government on earth." It was, not primarily, to extend and strengthen slavery, but under this pretext, as President Jackson had predicted, to subvert this government and substitute a despotism; to change democracy into absolutism. The chained slave, although he appears in the tragedy, is simply the victim of the plot. On his neck the plumed chieftains who strut across the stage, brandishing their parricidal daggers, seek to vault into despotic supremacy, and give law to the continent. In DeBow's Southern *Review* for last August we find the following frank disclosure of Southern sentiment: "A nation trammelled with a written Constitution is like a man with his hands manacled. Its capacity for action is cramped and diminished. The Confederate Constitution is a mere tub thrown over to the whale. No intelligent man who voted for it deemed it would be permanent, but considered it only a temporary expedient, a giving way for the time to popular prejudices. * * No people can be well ruled by a government of limited power—by a constitutional government."

Can any one, then, be so blind as to mistake the great issue, and limit it to anything less stupendous than the cause of democracy and free government, not only for this country, but for Europe and the world, ages to come? On the results of the contest are staked the best and dearest hopes of humanity, the world over. The nations are looking on this fearful drama with breathless anxiety. Should the star of liberty go down amid the smoke of the conflict, what a night of gloom and despair would cover the earth! Tyrants would clap their hands as they the earth! Tyrants would clap their hands as they should see its last glimmering light fade away; but should see its last glimmering light fade away; but how would their poor victims weep with anguish, how would their poor victims weep with anguish, and cry to God! Should the conspirators succeed in and cry to God! Should the conspirators succeed in their mad crusade against democracy, and quench their mad crusade against democracy, and quench the light of freedom on our altars, when and where the light of freedom on our altars, when and where could the Promethian fire be found to relight the could the Promethian fire be found to relight the flame?

Brothers: with so great and vital interests depending on the conflict, shall we not press on, counting no sacrifice too great, and no endurance too long? The blood shed in such a cause will be a life-cup to the groaning nations; the tears of sorrow which fall like showers on the graves of liberty's martyrs, are sacred to God and posterity. Cost what it may, this high-handed and satanic onslaught upon the rights of man must be crushed, and the slave-boy, snatched from the monumental head of Washington, appear at his feet, trampling upon his broken chains, and listening to lessons of liberty from the lips of liberty's great champion, as the symbol of our redeemed country. With that omnipotent Ally who, as Jefferson said, "has no attribute that can take sides with the slaveholder," let us press on, remembering in the hottest of the strife the words that so nerved our revolutionary fathers, in their seven years' conflict, "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God."

"Now, mothers of the people, give your babes heroic milk;
Sires, soul your sons for daring deeds—no more soft words of silk;
Great spirits of the mighty dead—come near and fire our mind;
Their glory smites our upward look—we are no longer blind;
They tell us how they broke their bonds, and whisper, 'so may ye':
One sharp stern struggle, and the slaves of centuries are free;
The hero's heart with pulse like cannon panteth for the fray,
And brothers, gallant brothers, we'll be with you in that day."

—*Hartford (Ct.) Press.*

A BLOW AT COMPLEXIONAL CASTE.

IN the U. S. Senate, lately, the question under consideration being the incorporation of a horse railroad company in the District of Columbia, the following incident took place:

Mr. SUMNER—Now I move an amendment to come in immediately after the amendment last adopted:

"And provided also, That no person shall be excluded from the cars on account of color."

I have only to say that a statement was made the other day in the House of Representatives, which certainly was a new illustration, as it seemed to me, of the barbarism left here from slavery: that an aged colored person had been excluded from the cars, and dropped in the snow and mud. That statement was made I believe in the other House. That such an incident as that could occur here in Washington seems to me discreditable; and I think that Congress, in laying down regulations and rules for this railroad, ought to interfere. I am sorry there should be any occasion for it. I should like to have the yeas and nays on the amendment.

The yeas and nays were ordered.

Mr. HOWE—I should like to ask the Senator from Massachusetts, as a question of law, whether if this railroad company, being common carriers, should drop any person or refuse to carry any person who offered them their fare, they would not be liable, as the law now stands, without any express enactment?

Mr. SUMNER—If you ask me the question as a lawyer, I should say they would be liable; but I believe the experience is that that liability is not recognized here; and the Senator knows very well that wherever slavery is in question, human rights are constantly disregarded. Those principles of law which he recognizes are constantly set aside; and therefore it becomes the duty of Congress to interfere, and specially declare them.

Mr. HOWE—Would the effect of the amendment be any more than a reënactment of the existing law?

Mr. SUMNER—That was said precisely about the Wilmot Proviso, the Senator will remember.

The PRESIDING OFFICER—The question is on the amendment offered by the Senator from Massachusetts, and on this question the yeas and nays have been ordered.

The question being taken by yeas and nays, resulted—yeas 19, nays 18; as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Arnold, Chandler, Clark, Fessenden, Foot, Grimes, Harris, Howard, King, Lane of Kansas, Morrill, Pomeroy, Sumner, Ten Eyck, Trumbull, Wade, Wilkinson, Wilmot, and Wilson of Massachusetts—19.

Nays—Messrs. Anthony, Bayard, Carlile, Cowan, Davis, Henderson, Hicks, Howe, Kennedy, Lane of Indiana, Latham, McDougall, Powell, Richardson, Saulsbury, Turpie, Willey, and Wilson of Missouri.

Thanks to Senator Sumner for proposing an amendment so fraught with humanity and justice; and thanks to those Senators who voted to sustain it. The example will have weight in other sections of the country, where colored citizens are still denied those travelling privileges and accommodations accorded to all others.—*Liberator.*

GEN. BUTLER IN NEW ORLEANS.

THE following incident of Gen. Butler's mode of dealing with refractory cases at New Orleans, we believe, has not yet been in print. It is vouched for by the very best authority. A merchant of New Orleans, who was a secessionist of the stamp that took great pleasure in sporting about "Picayune Butler," found himself with arms in his hands on the rebel side of the lines after the taking of New Orleans. But he was under the necessity of writing frequently to the agent who had his property in charge. In these letters he freely indulged in execrations of Gen. Butler, and in one of them expressed a warm sympathy for men suffering under his tyrannous rule there, saying that he believed a personal chastisement could be inflicted on Butler, and offering his friend and agent five thousand dollars to do that job.

It happened that this letter, as in a thousand other cases of supposed secret communication about that time, was seen by Gen. Butler, "and contents carefully noted." Soon afterward the order was issued requiring all persons who wished to hold their estates in that city, real or personal, to register themselves and take

in which Emancipation is made to cut an insignificant figure in the background. Whoever is a sound Emancipationist in Missouri, need not be watched upon any questions relating to the Union and Constitution. We see no necessity for a voluminous platform to convey an idea, which can as well be expressed in a word. It a party is formed, which is right upon the principle of Emancipation, and it succeeds in electing its representative men to office, there need be no fear about their ability to harmonize upon measures.

From The Tribune.

We are glad to be now assured that the two sections of the Emancipation party in Missouri, in view of the great dangers to the best interests of their State, threatened by a continuance of their feuds, have made an attempt at reunion, which appears to have been entirely successful. On March 10, a large and enthusiastic meeting of the Emancipation party in the Legislature and of its friends outside was held at Jefferson City, in the Hall of Representatives, and a Committee of sixteen, nine from the House and seven from the Senate, was appointed, to agree on some measures which should restore the harmony of the party in the General Assembly. The Committee unanimously adopted a platform which embraces nine declarations. The first proclaims the determination of the Emancipation party to protect and defend the Constitution and the government of the United States, under all circumstances and against every danger; the second announces that rebels can have no voice in the control of the government; the third, that there can be now only two parties, patriots and traitors; the fourth indorses the Emancipation proclamation of the President; the fifth declares that the advocacy of any republic save that of the fathers is treason; the sixth, that the institutions of a State should be homogeneous, and in all changes the interests of the great masses should be conserved; the seventh, that white or free labor is best for Missouri; the eighth, that the whole party is in favor of a judicious system of gradual Emancipation; the ninth, that they will remain united for these purposes until they are successfully established and accomplished.

The platform has been adopted by a majority of the members of both Houses. It is now confidently hoped that the reunited party will agree in the election of two United States Senators, and that they will pass a resolution to call a Convention at once for the sole purpose of providing for a system of Emancipation. Highly important is it, also, that all the organs of the two parties in St. Louis are united as to the policy of running but one ticket at the ensuing municipal election, a determination which insures a brilliant victory of the united Emancipationists over the Copperheads.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1863.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

THE TRIBUNE'S CONSTITUTIONAL LAW.

THE unprecedented state of things in the country, consequent upon the Slaveholders' Rebellion, has given rise to a multitude of theories and speculations as to the best, or the possible, way of winding it up, supposing the United States to be victorious. Many of these opinions proceed forth from the wishes of those that utter them—the wish is father to the thought—out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Such is the theory that the war must end, if successful on our part, in the restoration of the Constitution as it is and the Union as it was. That is, that nothing should be gained by the North, excepting the ascertained knowledge that the South cannot rid herself of the burden of governing us, with the help of her Northern minions, and that she has been forced at the point of the bayonet to resume her overseership of the nation, on the old terms. So is it with that other, that the war should issue in a Reconstruction of the Constitution, by which it should be made so entirely slavocratic in its theory and practice that the slave States could not even imagine themselves to have anything to gain by withdrawing from under it. On the other hand, those men who have seen clearly that there could be no end of the fight between the United States and the Rebels, other than one that should put an end forever to the slavery which alone occasions it, that will not redound to the strengthening of the enemy and the ruin and disgrace of the country, have been instant in season and out of season in urging the practical enforcement of this law of righteousness and common sense. After long waiting in the hope of a less stringent solution of the problem, the President has accepted their doctrine and has declared all the slaves in the rebel country forever free as an act of military and political necessity. If the United States prevail in the field, the knot will thus be cut by the sword of battle and perplex mankind no more. That is to say, if the faith thus pledged to the slaves and the world be fairly and honorably kept.

At this point of the situation other opinions intervene. Judge Conway holds that the President has not issued the proclamation in good faith, and that it is the purpose of the government to make a settlement of the quarrel, whenever the enemy is reduced to consent to one, at the expense of the slaves, and therefore he advises the recognition of the independence of the Confederacy and the separation of the loyal from the rebel States. And, stranger yet, *The Tribune* maintains against all comers that the President is "at perfect liberty" to withdraw the Proclamation of Freedom, if the Rebel States are willing, on that condition, "to return to loyalty, to elect members to the next Congress and to fulfil every constitutional obligation." And it denies that the President "can constrain the State of Georgia, or any other State, persistently to treat, within her own boundaries and jurisdiction, persons as free whom she chooses to regard as slaves"! And this, although *The Tribune* does not deny, if we have read it aright, that the President had the right and power, as Commander-in-Chief, to issue the proclamation of the First of January. In other words, it holds that the President might lawfully declare the three million of slaves in the rebel States free, by which declaration they become, *de jure*, as free as Mr. Greeley himself, and then when the dread of this action, or any other extremity, had brought the masters to terms, he could, by another waive of his pen, make slaves of them all again! We are not aware that any, the most Copperheaded of the journals in the service of the rebels at the North, have ever given utterance to so monstrous a doctrine or to so bitter a satire upon the President. They deny the validity of his proclamation, and therefore logically infer that it is utterly void and of no effect from the beginning, and, of course, will remain so whenever the rebels have been reduced to the necessity of treating for peace. We do not believe that *The Journal of Commerce*, or the Boston *Courier*, would affirm that the President would have the right or the power to purchase the return of the rebels by the enslavement of a single man, actually free—much less by that of three million. And yet this is precisely what *The Tribune* holds to be possible and even lawful!

Had this doctrine emanated from any of the open enemies of the government, we should hardly have thought it worthy a serious refutation. And, indeed, it needs no refutation other than a simple statement of its terms. If the President, constituted by the Constitution Commander-in-Chief of the Army, has the power of declaring slavery abolished in those portions of the country where such action is demanded by the military necessities of the war, and he exercises that power, then every slave within those specified limits becomes absolutely free, and the authority exercised over him by his master is illegal and unconstitutional, and exists only by wrongful violence. The power to loose in such a case implies no power to bind again. The only duty that remains for the President to do, as far as concerns the persons lately slaves, is to see to it that the rights he has declared them to possess shall be secured to them. Till this be done he has not only no moral right, he has no legal power, to make peace with the rebels. To do what *The Tribune* deems he is "at perfect liberty" to do, would be a *coup d'état*, the most cruel and infamous that the world ever saw. To condemn three million of men as free as himself, after he had constitutionally declared them so to be, to hopeless slavery, they and their posterity forever, were a crime such as blackens the name of no tyrant or usurper on the page of history. And the assumption that the President could not "constrain" any rebel State "to treat within her own boundaries and jurisdiction, persons as free whom she chose to regard as slaves," is a simple begging of the question. If he can reduce those rebel States, by the strong arm, as he is doing and as it is his duty to do, to the necessity of asking peace, or submitting to it, he can compel them to do so on condition of obeying the fundamental law of the land. And such is the proclamation of Emancipation. If the Constitution, by the necessity of the case, authorizes the President to exercise any extraordinary powers, for the preservation of the nation in time of war, his action under such powers is constitutionally legal in as high a sense as the performance of his most undoubted functions. Having, in the exercise of such a power, declared three million of slaves freemen, there is no power in the Constitution by which they can be made slaves again, while there exist all the powers necessary to secure and enforce their enjoyment of their rights.

The doctrine thus set forth and reiterated by *The Tribune* is as absurd in law as it is abhorrent to justice. If such a crime be possible, and if the President should do anything to subject him to the infamy of such an imputation, we should not differ from Judge Conway as to the only thing to be done in the premises. The last end of the nation would indeed be worse than the first, could such be the issue of this struggle. A thousand times better were it that the independence of the rebel States were recognized than that the life of the nation should be saved at the cost of its soul. It had better die than live with its honor lost and its faith broken. But we do not apprehend danger in this form. That there may be men about the counsels of the President who are willing to have a pacification at the expense of the slaves, we fear, and have not withheld the expression of our fears. But we do not believe that this form of the sacrifice ever occurred to any of them, until suggested by *The Tribune*, and we are sure that they are too well acquainted with the principles of law and too considerate of appearances, to adopt it. The President himself we believe to be utterly incapable of the baseness thus connected with his name. The danger lies in another direction that we have to fear, and it is in the Supreme Court Room that it lurks, and whence it may dart out upon us at an hour that we look not for it. We do not anticipate mischief from any direct effect of these crude suggestions of *The Tribune*. We only regret the help that they give to the enemy, the discouragement they must work in loyal men, as far as they have any influence at all, and the waste of the mighty influence *The Tribune* might use for good, if directed by a steadier wisdom. *The Tribune* is a Power on Earth, and it might have been a much mightier and more controlling power, had its course been more consistent with itself and with the highest political morality, since the beginning of the war. Its readers form, perhaps, the most intelligent public that any newspaper in the world possesses. We do not believe that they are led astray by the inexplicable vagaries of its editor, much as they regret them, and willing as they are to explain them in any way rather than by the suggestion of a bad motive. But they grieve none the less that it is in the house of her friends that Freedom is exposed to blows like these.

COMPLIMENTS FOR NORTHERN CONSERVATIVES.

IN our Pro-Slavery column this week will be found some very choice extracts from Richmond papers, exhibiting the feelings of the rebel slaveholders toward the Copperheads of the North, in view of their efforts to stop the war and restore the Union. It is manifest from these extracts, that while they love the treason of the Copperheads, they despise the traitors. Indeed, so measureless is the disgust which the slaveholders feel for their Northern allies that they will even "hold their noses" while treating with them!

It would seem by the following extract from the Richmond *Dispatch* that the self-styled Conservatives of the North, who are trying to find a "golden mean" between the treason of the Copperheads and the "fanaticism" of the Abolitionists, and to put down the rebellion without any infringement of the constitutional rights of the slaveholders, instead of retaining by this means the good will of their old friends, have actually sunk in their esteem below the point occupied by those who have for years made open war upon slavery. Read!

"Between the two classes of our mortal foemen at the North there is little to chose. One is commercial and the other crazy. If the latter are more cruel and devilish in their loth, the former are more persistent and systematic in action. If we had only the lunatics to deal with we might hope for a lucid interval, or possibly that their insanity might vary in its form. But of the commercial classes we can entertain no such expectations. They have invested their money in the war, and they intend to get it back, if they send every dollar they have left after that which is gone.

"If we were called upon to say which is the worse man, Wendell Phillips, who is the embodiment of Massachusetts fanaticism, Edward Everett, who represents its conservatism, or Caleb Cushing, its politician, we should find no difficulty in a reply. *We have infinitely more respect for Wendell Phillips, or any honest fanatic, than either of the others. The fanatic has principles—such as they are—while the commercial class has no principle whatever but selfishness.* If it is opposed to Abolitionism, it is because the success of Abolitionism would be fatal to trade. Could Conservatism be convinced that freeing the slaves would increase the production of cotton, it would be converted in an hour into the very genius of universal emancipation. We dread and detest such an enemy as this more than honest Abolitionism. *We despise and execrate Edward Everett and Caleb Cushing more than Phillips or Garrison.* No man of honor could take Everett or Cushing by the hand—the latter especially. If there be a negro in the South as degraded as Cushing, he ought instantly to be freed and sent to Massachusetts."

Such is the reward which the slaveholders bestow upon Northern men who seek their favor by assailing the Abolitionists and pursuing a Conservative policy toward slavery!

POLYGAMY.

THE report of Brigham Young's arrest in his own dominions, on the charge of bigamy, sounds like the beginning of the end. To the disgrace of our race and our country, we have harbored a nest of horrid profligates from all lands, who, under the flimsy guise of a new religion, have made for themselves a city of abominations, compared with which Sodom was righteous. Baffling the laws and strengthening themselves behind their own fortifications, they have defied the authority of government, until they have grown to be a fearful power in the land. We are encouraged to hope that the time is at hand when the Mormons will be scattered and destroyed as a sect, and the vice around which they have been gathered will be driven into the wilds of heathenism, or to the dominions of the Sultan. And so rapidly is the progress of population gaining upon the Mormons, we may be reasonably sure, that in a few years more they will be compelled to seek another refuge, unless they abolish their harems, and become conformed to the decencies of a Christian land.—*New York Observer.*

As against Mormonism, *The Observer*, it will be seen, is an Immediate Abolitionist, opposed to all compromise, and for the most radical measures of destruction. In relation to slavery, a system not indeed of polygamy, but of what is far worse, legalized concubinage, in which immortal children of God are bred for the market like calves and pigs, and prohibited by law from learning to read the Bible or to spell the name of God, it is apologetic, in favor of compromise, and bitterly hostile to every measure of speedy abolition. What is the explanation of this radical difference in *The Observer's* feelings and mode of action in respect to the two systems? Simply this: that Mormonism, as such, has never been engrafted upon the Presbyterian stock, and polygamy, as practiced among the "latter day saints," is not one of the respectable vices permitted to Ministers and Elders of the Evangelical household. If it were, *The Observer* would plead in its defence the example of patriarchs and saints, and pour out its denunciations upon the heads of the infidels and radicals, who, in trying to abolish it, should set up a standard of morals higher than that of the Scriptures. And if Mormonism, like slavery, had been for fifty years the pet of the political party to which the editor of *The Observer* belongs, no doubt it would "fill its mouth with arguments" in its behalf, proving that a citizen of Utah has a constitutional right to as many wives as he can persuade to enter his harem, and that to interfere with this right, even if all Mormondom were in rebellion, would unsettle the very foundations of the government!

AN IMPORTANT COMMISSION.

IT affords us peculiar satisfaction to state, that the Secretary of War, by an order recently issued, has appointed the Hon. ROBERT DALE OWEN of Indiana, Col. JAMES MCKAYE of New York, and Dr. SAMUEL G. HOWE of Boston, Commissioners to inquire into the condition of all persons emancipated under the President's proclamation of Jan. 1st, or by the operation of the laws of Congress or the rules of war, and to devise such measures for their protection and improvement as may be best calculated to make the change from slavery to freedom inure to the safety and prosperity of all classes.

It is hardly possible to exaggerate the importance of this Commission, and we congratulate the friends of freedom upon the fact that the high character of the gentlemen appointed to discharge its duties affords a sure guaranty that the work will be conscientiously and thoroughly performed.

It will, we suppose, be the duty of the Commissioners, in the first place, to inquire into the character and the workings of slavery, and for this purpose to take the testimony of competent witnesses, black as well as white; secondly, to inquire into the results of emancipation as exhibited in the West Indies and elsewhere; and finally, in the light of facts thus officially ascertained, to propose to the government such plans as they may think best adapted to promote the social, industrial, and moral improvement of the enfranchised class, and thus to make the great experiment of liberty a blessing to the whole country.

The thanks of every friend of justice and humanity are due to the Secretary of War for instituting such a Commission, and for appointing thereon men of the highest character for intelligence and devotion to the cause of impartial liberty. But, for obvious reasons, we think he would have done still better if he had selected for *one* of the three Commissioners some man who, being thoroughly qualified in other respects, had made slavery, emancipation and the negro character the study of his life. We hope the Commissioners, in the appointment of Secretaries, will make amends for this oversight in the War Department, by calling into their service some man of large experience in the field they are set to explore.

A LETTER FROM ILLINOIS.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 13, 1863.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THERE are 4,000 rebel prisoners in Camp Douglas in this city, and 5,000 pro-slavery Democrats who ought to be prisoners, but, unfortunately for the welfare of the country, are not so. The rebels came into camp a dirty, ragged, starved, shivering, drunken, sick and lowly set of vagabonds, and though they have been well cared for, fed, lodged, and have warm rooms, they die off at the rate of ten to twelve daily. When they first came, they would devour raw corn and meal with the zest and avidity of a hungry hog. Can a nation or army of such people be starved out in a corn producing country? I have recently come up from Carbondale in Egypt, which Heaven-favored soil, with its God-forsaken people, any one who has been long there would, notwithstanding its advantages, be glad to leave. It is the land of cotton and of corn, of milk and of honey, and of many choice fruits. It is the land of frogs and of lice, of whiskey and tobacco, of bowie-knives and revolvers, of rebels and of traitors, where darkness covers the land, and ignorance is the heritage of the people. Here the "mean white trash" publicly "hurrah for Jeff. Davis," and if they find an obnoxious Union man, he is unceremoniously mobbed. While I was there, they cruelly whipped old Mr. Johnson, and murdered old Mr. Burbridge of Carbondale. But the transgressors were never arrested, and no notice has been taken of these acts. Negroes peaceably walking the streets are knocked down for being in Egypt, and while these doings are made known at Washington, and they are told that the peaceable people must be armed, and a military force, stationed at a suitable point, must be maintained to prevent an outbreak, no attention is paid to the matter. The truth is, the Slave Power still rules in Washington. The rebellion that convulses our land, and shakes the continent from the centre to its circumference, is one the end and aim of which have never been announced. It is nothing less than a rebellion of Satan against God. On the side of Satan, whom do we see? Jefferson Davis and his Southern hosts; all the Copperhead Democrats and pro-slavery Republicans of the North, half the officers of the army and navy, all the monarchs and aristocrats of Europe, and last, but not least, the Federal government at Washington. These are the hosts fighting against God and humanity, against righteousness, justice and peace. But Satan failed in his first rebellion, and he will fail in this. Is Abraham Lincoln desirous to crush the rebels? Why, then, does he appoint rebel Generals like McClellan, Halleck, Buel, and Patterson, and take from duty Hunter, Fremont, Phelps, Butler and Lane? I have faith in God. I believe He rules in heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth; that His counsels shall stand, and though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished. The result of the rebellion, then, must be its downfall. The Slave Power had ruled the government to its own liking seventy-one years; and yet a rebellion, to that power, had become a matter of inevitable necessity. They must establish a despotism, or slavery must go down. This the slaveholders saw, and they prepared for the success of their plans, while they still controlled the Federal government. Though Lincoln had declared that the States could not exist part free and part slave, and Seward had enunciated the doctrine of the irrepressible conflict between liberty and slavery, they had no sooner got charge of the reins of government than they commenced doing what they said could not be done, and they have attempted to do but little else than to show that the States can exist part slave and part free, and that in truth and in fact there is no irrepressible conflict between liberty and slavery. It is thus they have attempted to crush the rebellion; it is thus they fight against God. While the slaveholders have waged a war which, for cruelty and barbarity, savages seldom equal, what sort of a war has our Administration waged against the traitors? The great Democratic General, Geo. B. McClellan, in his war order No. 154, issued last Spring, declared that this war would be "conducted according to the highest principles of Christian civilization." By that idea, as he understands it, he has been guided. By that he was governed when he commanded Banks and Lander not to capture Jackson. By that he was governed when he suffered the rebels to withdraw from Manassas, taking all their arms and munitions of war, except the wooden guns, without *let* or *hindrance*. By that he was governed when he did not advance upon Richmond. By that he was governed when he marched thirty thousand of the best and most intelligent men that ever made an army to their graves in the Chickahominy swamps. By that he was governed, as far as he could be, and the rebels would permit him to be, at Antietam. By that he was governed when ordered to reënforce Harper's Ferry; and in all his actions and doings towards "our misguided Southern brethren," he has observed these "highest principles of Christian civilization," without variableness or shadow of turning. These principles may be found in the Golden Rule, and in Christ's Sermon on the Mount. In the latter, Christ instructs us to "love our enemies"; McClellan has loved nobody else. "Bless them that curse you." The whole North, McClellan included, has been abundantly cursed, lo! these thirty-five years, and for these curses McClellan could never be induced to return anything but blessings. "Do good to them that despitefully use you and persecute you." The rebels have done these things with a zest and energy that shows how dearly they loved them, and McClellan's unflagging efforts to do them good have not only been commensurate with their despiteful usage, but such has been his desire to do them good, that he has construed the Sermon on the Mount to be exclusive in its requirements, and to demand of him to hate his kindred, his friends and his country, and to sacrifice all these for the benefit of his enemies, and those who hate him and despitefully use and persecute him. In accordance with this view, he has sacrificed his friends in watching his enemies' property; he has sent back the slaves who loved him to the enemies who hated him; he has given safe passports to those who despitefully used him; he has allowed wooden cannon to pass for iron ones in sight of his lines; he has rejected the knowledge brought him about the rebels, because of the color of the friends who brought it; and to crown his Christian conduct, he has ever done to the rebels as he would be done by. He does not want the traitors to hurt him, and acting on "the highest principles of Christian civilization," he has studiously refrained from hurting them. This is the Christianity adopted by Satan to make this rebellion successful, and it is thus that McClellan carried out his war order No. 154. By adopting his acts, and by the general tenor of its policy, the Administration has proved itself on the side of Satan, fighting against God and humanity. The attempt to placate the wrath of all just men by the Emancipation proclamation amounts to but little. No effort has been made to make it efficient—none to use the advantage it afforded, none to take from the rebels their most efficient strength, nor to use it against them, as at any and all times it might be. But truth is mighty and it will prevail. God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. He will not be mocked, and though the whole administration, and all the powers of our government, seem united in a firm resolve to perpetuate slavery, it has received its death-blow, and is bound to die. So mote it be.

JAS. L. GAGE.

TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD AND THE LIVING.

DEAR BROTHER JOHNSON: It is many months since I have written a line for THE STANDARD. Perhaps you think I have forgotten my obligation. Not so. I have been "about to write" many a time; but my opportunities have been like articles "crowded out" of a periodical by others more immediately urgent. Never have I had a busier year of pressing engagements than the last. You will, however, now indulge me with a little space, and I feel that I must seize a little time, to record a testimonial or two, which may serve the future with a gratifying reminiscence.

In the place where I now reside, not a few of my fellow-townsmen belong to the denomination of Friends. With many of them I have formed a very pleasant and profitable acquaintance. Some of them knew, personally, Arnold Buffum, whom you and I well remember as the first President of the New England Anti-Slavery Society. Arnold has passed away; and so, very soon, must the whole number, twelve, who formed the nucleus of that important organization. Strange indeed! is it not, that such an insignificant band, gathered at the "African schoolhouse," in an obscure street of Boston, on that dark evening, thirty-two years ago, has brought upon a nation of thirty million this terrible war and bloodshed? But, so affirm our Democratic growlers, negro-haters and slavery-lovers; and we must have of it either the praise or the blame, and it matters but little which. What we then both feared and predicted has come upon the land; and God will not cease the work of terrible judgment, until the whole multitude of his people are liberated "from the land of Egypt, the house of bondage." The night is undoubtedly hastening, for those who have been so long held in bondage, to "keep the Passover"; and then shall they pass through the Red Sea—the sea of blood—to the inheritance of freedom and human rights.

The Friends here, of the old stock, are thoroughly anti-slavery. There is, however, here and there an apostate or bastard Quaker, among the most bitter of the bitterest against any effort at Emancipation; and some of them are well adapted for the Cabinet of Jeff. Davis. For such, the genuine Friends have no sympathy, but are outspoken, active Unionists.

Some of this latter class I am thankful to rank among my personal friends. Of these I am free to mention STEPHEN K. SMITH, who has just been bereaved of his WIFE; and her sickness and death, in the circle of her relatives and society, have occasioned an irreparable vacancy. Well did she answer Solomon's description of the woman, whose "price is above rubies."

Stephen K. Smith, with his brother, and other Friends, was accustomed to attend Anti-Slavery meetings in those pioneer days when Abolitionists were saluted with rotten eggs. I think that he and some others from this place were at the [illegible] Brown, at North Elba, about forty miles distant. But he has never faltered, and is now as "orthodox" on the slavery question as he was years ago.

The maiden name of Mrs. Smith was CLARISSA ORVIS. She became the wife of Stephen K. by a second marriage. Her first husband, Mr. Tobias, left her with a family of children. For them she provided with economy and industry, managing a dairy farm, left in her possession, with great wisdom and energy. "She looked well to the ways of her household," and "her children rose up to call her blessed." The same virtuous characteristics she brought into the family of Mr. Smith. He doubtless found, in her, the desirable "help" he had anticipated. But, about three years since, her health failed; and she became a great sufferer, physically and mentally, until, one week since, she fell asleep and was released. On Friday last, I was at her funeral, in the Friends' meeting-house, attended by a large congregation and a numerous circle of mourning relatives, among whom was her aged mother. CLARISSA *was not there;* only the "tabernacle" which she had left, and which we saw decently deposited in a grave and graveyard near at hand.

Mrs. Smith was among the early friends of the "down-trodden" and "oppressed"; acting, always firm, with the pioneers in this part of the country. She was neither ashamed nor afraid to "open her mouth for the dumb," or to vindicate, with unanswerable arguments, the enterprise of Anti-Slavery, Temperance, or any other work of true reform.

Now, OLIVER—as the Friends would say—I love to revive old associations; and I love to review the example of veterans, of either sex, who suffered obloquy, reproach, and, in not a few instances, personal violence, in the Anti-Slavery conflict, long before the enterprise became, as it is now, astonishingly *popular*. For these, among other reasons, I send you this communication.

Yours, fraternally, M. THACHER.

Peru, N. Y., March 16, 1863.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY for the present year will be held in this city—probably in the Church of the Puritans—on Tuesday, May 12th, at 10 o'clock, a.m. The Society will also hold another public meeting at the Cooper Institute in the evening of the same day. The business meetings will probably be held, as they were last year, in the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans, on Tuesday p.m. and Wednesday a.m. The official call will appear in due time.

SYMPTOMS OF MOB VIOLENCE.—[Extract of a letter from Rev. Samuel J. May, dated Syracuse, March 19].—Day before yesterday—in the midst of the celebration of St. Patrick's day—several colored men were assaulted in our streets and seriously injured. And now there is a murmur of threats that Frederick Douglass shall not be allowed to hold, as he proposes to do, his second war meeting of the colored people in their own church, for the purpose of getting more recruits for the Massachusetts colored regiments.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW for February (American Edition, L. Scott & Co., 38 Walker St.) contains nine articles, with the following titles: Convicts and Transportation; Recent attacks on the Pentateuch; Professor Wilson; Professor Faivre's Scientific Biography of Goethe; Greece during the last thirty years; Novels and Novelists of the day; Domestic Annals of Scotland; Dr. Cunningham's Historical Theology.

MEETINGS IN WESTCHESTER COUNTY.—Aaron M. Powell, writing from Pleasantville, March 24, says: "I had excellent meetings at Mt. Kisco on Saturday evening, and Sunday last, and a good hearing at Katonah (Mr. Jay's neighborhood) last evening. The travelling is very bad now, but the spirit of the people is improving, and copperheadism is manifestly on the decline."

ABOLITION OF RUSSIAN SERFDOM.—A dispatch dated St. Petersburg, March 3, says: "To-day being the termination of the transitory epoch, serfdom expires definitively throughout the Russian empire. A *Te Deum* was sung in all the churches in celebration of the event. Complete tranquillity prevails, notwithstanding that alarming rumors are current."

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, March 23d, 1863.

SEVERAL good things have come to pass here since I last wrote you, which I must try to squeeze into a column for the readers of THE STANDARD.

It is a great advantage, both to good letters and good morals, that Rev. James Freeman Clarke has been chosen one of the Overseers of Harvard University. In heart and life one of the best of men, truly liberal in theology and truly Christian in character, a specimen of the highest culture alike in literature and manliness, Mr. Clarke will exercise the very influence needed in that institution, where widely different influences have often borne sway.

I have not a large acquaintance with Unitarian Churches (we Abolitionists, you know, do not easily part with our native orthodoxy); but from what I can learn of the Church of the Disciples, over which Mr. Clarke ministers, it is eminent among Churches of that faith both for piety and for good works. I premise this, that you may the better enjoy a little incident which occurred during the election of Overseer.

Just before the vote was to be taken, a message came to his Excellency the Governor from Mr. P. H. (an eminent saint of the Daniel Webster species), that Mr. Clarke *must not* be chosen, because he was an Infidel. It happens that Mr. C. is his Excellency's pastor, as well as his intimate friend; and the answer returned to this piece of impudent mendacity is said to have been couched in the briefest, plainest, and strongest possible terms.

A few weeks ago, at the close of a sermon of special interest and excellence, from the text, "Pick up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost," Mr. Clarke told his people that a subject in which he took a very deep interest would be laid before them at the next Wednesday evening conference meeting. This subject proved to be the necessities of the boys confined in our city jail under accusation of vagrancy or petty crime, who seem to have escaped the notice of our older philanthropic associations.

The jail being a place of detention merely, and generally for short periods, no work is provided for its inmates. The confinement of the prisoners in separate cells prevents, to a considerable extent, the peril of vicious association to these boys and girls, but their enforced idleness, on the other hand, is an evil requiring amendment, and their solitude gives opportunity for the exercise of a reformatory influence upon them. It was proposed to fill this gap by forming an Association which should look after the welfare of these children, give them instruction on Sundays and other days, supply reading and pictorial instruction as these might be found applicable, and give them work when that could be done; but above all, by the expression of human sympathy and kindness in such good offices, to arouse a confidence and friendliness in the hearts of these neglected ones, which may lead them gladly to accept further help on their release from prison. This release may thus become the turning point in their destiny. Without such help as this Association is to offer, they would naturally gravitate back to their old habits of vagrancy and crime. But, if they can be offered employment as soon as they leave the prison, by persons whose disinterested kindness has already been proved to them, many can be immediately withdrawn from the old associations and temptations, and have a chance such as was never before offered them of leading happy and useful lives.

"The Young Prisoners' Aid Society," shaped in successive meetings of the "Disciples" and like-minded friends, has now commenced its operations, favored and assisted by Sheriff Clark, the Superintendent of the prison. "Uncle Cook," a man already favorably known to the class of vagrant children by the considerate humanity with which he has for many years performed the functions of a police officer, has been made Chaplain at the jail, and will speak to the children on Sundays; a work for which his eminent fitness was manifest to all who heard his remarks at the meetings in question. And the Disciples, men and women, will do on other days whatever may be found practicable towards the recovery of these stray lambs.

Thus the modern James, like the ancient one, teaches that by works is faith made perfect.

On the 18th inst., a State Temperance Convention was held at the Tremont Temple in this city, of which William B. Spooner, Esq., was chosen President. On taking the chair, this gentleman made an impressive address, recommending the constant exercise of moral influences in connection with the enforcement of prohibitory laws, and pointing out the necessity of earnest efforts in behalf of temperance in the army.

Many gentlemen, and from various parts of the State, addressed the Convention, and its proceedings were eminently satisfactory to the best friends, old and young, of the Temperance cause. Strong resolutions were passed with entire unanimity. One of them represented that the gross neglect of the authorities of the city of Boston to execute the present prohibitory liquor law, and their connivance at and encouragement of an illegal and immoral traffic, indicate that body to be an unsafe and unsuitable depository of the power to enforce the laws of the Commonwealth, and therefore recommended to the State government the appointment of a Metropolitan Police for the city of Boston. Another resolution deprecated the destructive influence of alcoholic liquors in the army, and recommended a commission to examine candidates for office, that none might be appointed who indulged in a passion for strong drink.

The evening session of the Convention was held, by invitation of the Legislative Temperance Society, in the chamber of the House of Representatives in the State House. Of the speeches made that evening, those of Rev. A. A. Miner and Wendell Phillips are spoken of as eminently excellent; applying a judicious personality in those departments where the welfare of the State and the nation receives most obstruction from intemperance. Mr. Miner argued that the fault of intemperance in Boston was to be laid at the door of the city authorities; Mr. Phillips pointed out that the rebellion would have been conquered by this time if we had not lost so many battles by drunken Generals. Both took very strong ground in favor of a Metropolitan police.

This reminds me of the movement of our new Chief-of-Police against violators of the Sunday law. Forty or fifty complaints have been entered against as many *small* dram-shops, for Sunday selling, and twenty or thirty of them have been fined ten dollars each. It remains to be seen whether the great offenders will be meddled with, and also whether our new Mayor wishes the illegal sale of spirituous liquors to continue with out obstruction every day but Sunday.

The speakers at the Temperance Convention were quite right in calling public attention to the prevalence of intemperance in the army. The loss of battles through the drunkenness of officers is not the only, nor the main evil. There is a popular prejudice (sedulously cherished by the makers and sellers of whiskey) that the moderate use of this article is not only generally conducive to health, but that it is medicinally useful as a preventive and cure of malarious disease. Many soldiers feel confident that bad water is made more wholesome as well as more palatable by an admixture of spirit. Many persons really think that the efficacy of quinine depends more or less upon the use of whiskey in connection with it; and the prescriptions of many army surgeons tend to strengthen these opinions. Now, if, as I suppose, all the notions abovementioned are utterly erroneous, the temperance people would do a great service to their cause, and to the army, by procuring a tract to be written by some eminent medical man, and widely distributed among the soldiers, setting forth the truth in relation to these matters.

I believe there never was so large a proportion of truly worthy and excellent young men in any army as in our New England regiments. Their education and character have fortified them against the ordinary vices and temptations of the camp. They can say No, and mean it, and abide by it, when gay comrades invite them to drink; but what are they to do when the regimental surgeon recommends to them the daily use of whiskey as a medicine? This evil has already proceeded to an extent demanding the most active efforts of temperance men for its removal.

Charitable soirees, in behalf of the sick and wounded in our Soldiers' Hospital, have been repeatedly and successfully held in the vestry of Mr. Hepworth's church. But one of the most characteristic signs of the times is the holding of a Subscription Levee at Chickering's Hall, on Friday evening last, for the benefit of the colored soldiers constituting the 54th Regiment of Mass. Volunteers, now in camp at Readville. The call for this meeting was signed by Mrs. John A. Andrew, Mrs. Jacob M. Manning, and other ladies eminent for works of beneficence, and its special object was to raise means for supplying these soldiers with an out-fit like that of other regiments from this State. The movement was completely successful. The elegant hall was crowded with guests worthy of the hosts and the occasion. Brief and animated addresses were made by Lt.-Col. Hallowell of the 54th, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Wendell Phillips, Judge Russell and others, music of a high order lent its attractions, and in the intervals of these, subscriptions were handed to the ladies of the Executive Committee, raising with money previously contributed, the comfortable sum of more than a thousand dollars.

The Fourth Commencement of Dr. Dio Lewis's Normal Institute for Physical Education took place at the Tremont Temple last week, in presence of a very numerous audience. A class of twenty ladies and gentlemen displayed some of the exercises of Dr. Lewis's system, and then addresses were made by several of the visitors, followed by the presentation of diplomas to fifteen gentlemen and seven ladies, and a valedictory address by a member of the graduating class. The system of gymnastic exercise taught in this Institute has thoroughly worked its way into public favor, with manifest advantage to the health of those men and women who have given it a fair trial.

Sunday Associations (Temperance and other) and numerous citizens of the highest respectability, have petitioned our Legislature to appoint a Metropolitan police for this city. The Committee to whom these petitions were referred have given hearing, repeatedly, to the petitioners and their counsel, and also, of course, to opponents to the measure in question. Very able addresses have been made before them by gentlemen representing various Temperance associations, and by friends of the Anti-Slavery cause, and a report on this important subject may soon be expected.

A. Bronson Alcott, the sage of Concord, has been giving here a series of those transcendental monologues which he calls conversations. His audiences, now as heretofore, are of the most refined and intellectual class, and he has chosen of late, for their instruction, various topics belonging to this world, and to modern times. His subject announced for this evening is "The Transcendental Club, and the Dial," matters with which he has had the most intimate acquaintance possible. Indeed, these topics, in his mouth, must have the interest belonging to chapters of autobiography.

Another serious loss has befallen this city and State in the death of Adjutant Bowditch, of the 1st Mass. Cavalry. The son of Dr. Henry I. Bowditch (whose labors in the Sanitary Commission, and in various professional and other departments, have been of the greatest service to the army), and belonging to a family so many members of which have shown the highest traits of intellectual and moral excellence, he gave promise of adding new distinction to the name he bore. He was among the foremost of the patriotic youth of this city to take arms in his country's service, and no one joined that service from higher or nobler principles. He was on the staff of Gen. Averill, and received his mortal wound while cheering his men to advance at the battle of Kelley's Ford. Many hearts beyond the family circle have been saddened by his loss; and the country has lost one of those inestimable soldiers who fight, not merely against rebellion, but in behalf of universal freedom.

NORTH.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, March 13, 1863.

MANY thanks for your kind apology for your "Washington correspondent." I am but just in a condition to write you, and cannot even now send but a few lines, but I do not feel like neglecting another week's STANDARD. I wish to put in my plea at once for a class of public men who, it seems to me, were not fairly treated in a late number of your paper—the men who have been upon the scent of thieves and plunderers. I cannot permit such men as Dawes of Massachusetts or Washburne of Illinois, who were the leading members of the Congressional Contracts Investigation Committee, to be censured without a word in their defence. I know them, their work, *and the men who have tried to crush them because they were exposing frauds and corruptions.* They are honest men, and have done a noble work. They have by their investigations saved millions to the government, and deterred hundreds of men from pursuing an evil course, from the very fact that they were upon the track of dishonest men. Perhaps there was one man upon the Committee who had personal ends to serve in his investigations, but he had little influence, and was speedily cast off by the majority of the Committee. It cannot be right to serve a good cause with dishonest means, and it makes no difference if a Congressman makes pretensions to be anti-slavery—if he be a thief, his knavery must be exposed. There have been bad men since this war commenced, who have made loud professions of their anti-slavery views, or rather of their willingness to make use of the slave in conquering the rebels, yet that fact has not rescued them from the censures of honest men. Of course it should not. For two years I have watched carefully the course of the so-called "Contracts Investigating Committee." I have known many facts connected with its course never in the newspapers—have seen testimony not yet published—and I have come to the conclusion not only that the Committee has acted honestly, and has performed a most important work, but that some of our public men have pretended to hold anti-slavery views for the purpose of hiding conduct which all honest men must condemn. I therefore stand by the Investigating Committees of all

PERSONAL.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke has been elected by the Legislature an Overseer of Harvard College.

Mr. John Conness, the new Senator from California, is said to be in favor of freeing the slaves of rebels, and if need be, of arming them.

The Hon. Schuyler Colfax was suddenly called from New York to Washington, a few days since, in consequence of his wife's illness.

Owen Lovejoy has been very ill for some time past in Washington. He was unable, at last accounts, to leave his chamber.

Anna E. Dickinson is engaged to lecture in various places in Connecticut previous to the approaching election.

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. *Commercial Advertiser* says the President is coming North that he may personally satisfy himself of the real state of public opinion.

Hon. E. P. Walton, of the First Congressional District of Vermont, in a letter to his constituents, declines a renomination. Mr. Walton has served three terms in Congress.

The Georgetown, Mass., correspondent of the Newburyport *Herald* says that Rev. Charles Beecher (brother to Henry Ward), pastor of the Congregational Society, has been tried for heresy before the Essex North Association, and acquitted.

We take especial pleasure in copying from *The Independent* (see fourth page) a sketch of the life and labors of George Thompson. The friends of liberty in the United States owe him more than gratitude for the important service he has rendered their cause in England since the breaking out of the rebellion.

Among the items of news by a late arrival from Port Royal, we observe an announcement of the marriage of Gen. Rufus Saxton, Military Governor of South Carolina, to Miss Matilda Thompson of Philadelphia. Flags were hoisted and guns fired in the beautiful harbor of Beaufort in honor of the event. The happy couple are occupying the elegant mansion of the rebel Hayward.

It is nearly thirty years since Wendell Phillips was graduated from Harvard University, but the managers of the institution have not, during that whole period, seemed conscious that he was numbered among its alumni. This year, however, he has been appointed on the Committee of Examination in the Department of History. The world moves!

The Roxbury (Mass.) *Journal* says: "On reading Wendell Phillips's lecture on Toussaint l' Ouverture, the opinion which we formed when we heard it from the speaker's lips two years ago is fully confirmed, namely, that it is the most magnificent specimen of eloquence to which any man of the present generation has given utterance. We say this entirely aside from the ideas conveyed in the lecture, as regards the correctness of which there will be a wide variance in public opinion."

The Chillicothe (O.) *Advertiser* announces the death of Hon Frederick Grimké, one of the oldest citizens of that place, and for many years a Judge of the Supreme Court of the State. He was, if we mistake not, a brother of the late Thomas S. Grimké of Charleston, S. C., and of Sarah and Angelina Grimké, whom Whittier, in one of his poems, describes as "Carolina's high-souled daughters." Angelina Grimké, it will be remembered, married Theodore D. Weld.

The Hon. Schuyler Colfax sends the following letter to the editor of the Indianapolis *Journal*:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON CITY, March 4, 1863.

FRIEND SULGROVE: Will you oblige me by handing the inclosed check for $629 34 to the Indiana Commission for the benefit of our sick and wounded soldiers. It is the mileage voted to me for the third session of the XXXVIIth Congress, which closes to-day, and which I prefer they should have. Yours truly,

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

Mrs. Stowe's graphic sketch of Sojourner Truth, which we have copied on the fourth page from *The Atlantic Monthly* for April, will interest all our readers, more especially those to whom the subject is personally known. The remark of Mrs. Stowe, that she "has passed away from among us as a wave of the sea," will be likely to make the impression that she is dead. Such, however, is not the fact. She is living at Battle Creek, Michigan, and though unable, from age and infirmity, to "go round a testifyin' and showin' the people their sins," is as deeply interested as ever in all that concerns the welfare of the oppressed. Mrs. Stowe's picture is by no means exaggerated.

The Evening Post says: "The public discourses recently delivered by Mr. George W. Curtis on the Eastern shore of Staten Island seem to have produced a happy effect. The ultra conservatism which has prevailed in some parts of the island, at times closely approaching copperheadism, has not prevented him from obtaining a respectful hearing, for when one church was closed against him another was immediately opened, free of all charges. During the past month Mr. Curtis has spoken twice in Clifton, and so general is the desire to hear him again, that he has accepted a pressing invitation to deliver a third address at the Presbyterian lecture room."

On Tuesday evening, 17th inst., upward of eight hundred ladies and gentlemen assembled in the spacious lecture room of the Park Presbyterian Church, on Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn, to commemorate the tenth wedding day of the Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler. Mr. Cuyler and his wife entered the room at an early hour, and received the congratulations of their numerous friends, beside which they were the recipients of every description of tin gifts, from the common fish-horn to the old-fashioned Dutch oven; pots, kettles, and pans were flanked by more costly sets of table furniture, until the array presented every conceivable article into which tin could be manufactured. Speeches were made by Mr. Cuyler, Theodore Tilton, and others, commemorative of the happy event which had brought them together.

Says the Claremont (N. H.) *Advocate*: "On Sunday evening, we had the pleasure of listening to Miss Anna E. Dickinson, of Philadelphia, a truly accomplished and admirable speaker. It is only once in a great while that a Claremont audience are permitted to listen to such a flow of patriotic eloquence, to such noble, chaste, inspiring words from the lips of a noble and refined lady. It was truly an intellectual treat as well as a most scathing rebuke of treason and treachery, North and South. If our Democratic friends felt uneasy under the castigation they received, we can only say there is room for repentance, and there will never be a more favorable time to begin the good work than at the ballot-box to-day. The good lady received a cordial and unanimous vote of thanks for her able address. The spacious hall was crowded, notwithstanding the heavy snow storm."

Says the Philadelphia *North American* of a recent date: "An immense concourse of our most respectable and wealthy colored people gathered on Monday to bury one of their number. The deceased was named Edward M. Thomas. Few colored men in the country possessed a more extensive acquaintance. He was for twenty-five years a runner for the House of Representatives at Washington, and by a long continued course of fidelity and affability had gained the respect and confidence of every member of Congress and habitue of the House. Anecdotes concerning him have been narrated by the score. He accumulated some property in Washington, and leaves a family in very comfortable circumstances. The deceased was one of nine in this country who have received the degree of Sublime Prince of Jerusalem, a degree conferred in England only, from whence colored Masons in this country derive their charters. He was Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Masons of the District of Columbia, and Past Right Worthy National Grand Chief of the Independent Order of Good Samaritans and Daughters of Samaria."

The Missouri *Democrat* speaks of the death of Hon. J. W. Noell, late member of Congress from that State, as a calamity of which the people will be deeply sensible. It says: "Missouri had no citizen whom she was less prepared to spare at the present than him. His position had become one commanding great influence and respect, owing to the resolute stand he had taken in favor of the Union and the cause of freedom in this State. Himself a slaveholder, and a pro-slavery man when the war broke out, his clear and honest judgment convinced him of the agency which slavery had in bringing on the struggle, and the fate to which it would inevitably be consigned before the contest was over; and with the practical sense of a statesman and patriot, he at once decided to give his influence to the work of freeing his own State from the cause of the disorder. To this end he labored most earnestly, down to the last hour that health and strength permitted."

The following extract from a business letter written to Gov. Andrew by Maj.-Gen. Banks is published in the Boston *Traveller*. It will be seen that Gen. Banks denies some recent rumors:

"I notice in the papers of the North a report that certain regiments, or detachments, or soldiers of my command, have been ordered or permitted to return to their masters, against their will, to stand guard over and to flog the slaves in this Department. It gives me pleasure to be able to say that it is without foundation or justification. In fact, in statement, and in implication it is utterly and infamously false. As it is made a reproach to Massachusetts that such orders are given by one of her citizens, I desire to say to you, the chief Executive Magistrate of the State, having had many of her unsurpassed regiments under my command, that I bear constantly in mind that I am a son of Massachusetts, and grateful as the remembrance may be to me and mine, I have yet greater satisfaction in the fact that, as an officer of the army of the United States, following the instructions of the President and the laws of the land, I have never performed, or permitted, or passed, without its appropriate censure, any act inconsistent with my duty, with the spirit and principles of the people among whom I was born, or that, justly interpreted, would not meet their approval, without party distinctions."

The Oberlin (O.) *News* of the 18th inst. says: "Those who heard the lectures of Theodore D. Weld during the week past would not thank us for any abstract of them. Our praise, if it did the lectures justice, would seem extravagant to those who did not hear them. The disease of the vocal chords, which has enforced silence on Mr. Weld for over a quarter of a century, compels him to read his lectures, thus depriving them of much of the old power of delivery. The extempore bursts of eloquence which used to sway his audiences so wonderfully are forbidden. But there is the same profound perception of his subject, the close thought, the masterly marshalling of argument, the marvellous sweep of language, every sentence an important link, every word an argument, which characterized his earlier efforts. We cannot conceive how 'The False Issues and Lying Pretences of the Conspirators' could have been more completely rent and scattered than in his three lectures on that subject. On Sunday evening he spoke to an audience that filled the First Church full, on 'Truth and its Hindrances.' Mr. W. has been for some years principal of a family school in New Jersey, busied with teaching, and entirely retired from all public effort. To the older people of Oberlin and, we doubt not, to himself, his visit has been one of deep interest. Those who stood side by side in anti slavery efforts of thirty years ago must turn, as they meet in these days, with no little interest to 'Auld Lang Syne.' Their cause has become the nation's; their harvest, God be praised, is ripening."

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

A steamer loaded with troops, accompanied by a gunboat, is said to have succeeded in passing into the Yazoo River above Haines's Bluff, and between that point and Yazoo City. She went through Cypress Bayou, which debouches into the river opposite the point where Gen. Sherman landed last December; thence passed through another bayou into the Sunflower, which empties into the Yazoo twenty miles above Haines's Bluff. When it was found possible to get through, a number of gunboats followed, and they in turn were to be followed by transports with troops. This movement will at once insure the fall of Yazoo City. Fort Pemberton, and the batteries on Haines's Bluff, and the rebel stronghold at Vicksburg will thus be completely flanked.

In consequence of the death of Gen. Sumner, who had been appointed to supersede Gen. Curtis in the Department of the Missouri, the latter, it is now said, will remain in command.

The rebels, it is said, are falling back from the line of the Rappahannock toward Richmond.

The government has been within a few days taking evidence from returned prisoners with a view of making official publication of the savage manner in which our captured men have been treated.

Rebel advices from Charleston to the 22d inst. indicate that all was quiet there at that date. The Charlestonians do not expect an attack before the highest Spring tide, which will be on the 2d of April.

The Washington correspondent of *The Herald* says: "There are various reasons for believing that the rebels at Richmond have information of Union successes in the South-west that has not yet reached us. The rebel sympathizers here, who somehow manage to obtain information from rebeldom more quickly than any others, are despondent, and the tone of the latest Richmond papers is very lugubrious. They earnestly, almost frantically, urge every person in the Confederacy to content themselves with two meals a day to avoid a famine. They argue that it is not now essential to grow fat, and two meals are ample for sustenance of life. They also urge that no more grain shall be distilled, but that it shall be saved for food. The crawling down from the recent defiant tone assumed by the Richmond press is very significant.

The War Department is in receipt of numerous applications from officers to be transferred to commands in African regiments. The success of the Florida expedition has greatly stimulated the zeal of the petitioners.

The War Department has received the rolls of all the regiments comprising the army of the United States, with the number of absentees or deserters from the army, which show that there are upward of *one hundred and twenty-five thousand* of this class, most of whom, it is expected, will be brought in by the recent proclamation of the President. The instructions of the War Department to the officers who have the charge of this duty are of the most stringent character, and those who attempt resistance or evasion will be summarily dealt with.

A correspondent of Bennett's *Herald*, named Denys, has been tried before a military commission on the charge of publishing information calculated to give aid and comfort to the enemy, and sentenced to six months' hard labor in the Quartermaster's Department. Gen. Hooker has, however, in consideration of the fact that this is Denys's first offense, remitted the sentence, and ordered his transportation beyond the lines of the army, never to return.

A number of disreputable citizens of Noble County, Ohio, have held a meeting and determined to resist the government in arresting deserters. It is said that from 600 to 1,000 have organized and armed themselves for the purpose. Two companies of the 115th Regiment have been sent to the insurrectionary district to maintain law and order.

Gen. Burnside has been assigned to the command of the Department of the Ohio, to succeed Gen. Wright, who failed of his confirmation as Major-General.

A gentleman, in course of conversation with Gen. Hooker last week, remarked that he had a son in his army. "Before ninety days," replied "Fighting Joe," "you will be prouder of that fact than of any other fact of your life."

Says the Baton Rouge correspondent of the N. Y. *Times*: "I don't know what the army may be elsewhere, but I tell you if it at all resembles the army of the Gulf, your Northern 'Copperheads' had better look to a loop-hole of escape before these aroused freemen call them to account. The army, as I have seen it, is in no humor to believe that the blood of their brothers and comrades has crimsoned this continent, only for the honor of being led by designing villains to the footstool of Jeff. Davis. If the army of the Gulf has not yet loudly echoed the significant utterance of those of the West and of Rosecrans, it is simply that they are too busily employed just now. That voice, I *know*, will yet be heard, and in tones of thunder."

The Army and the Negroes.

EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

NEGRO DARING.—*Port Royal, March* 14.—Three slaves from the Drayton plantation, near Charleston, came within the lines to-night. In order to reach here safely they have made a circuit of more than 200 miles, and have been nearly a month on the way. They were ragged and filthy beyond description, being literally covered with mud and foul dirt from head to foot; more distressing-looking objects I never saw. They have given valuable information to our Generals, which they have acted upon.

Six stout negroes left Beaufort last evening upon one of the most daring enterprises of the war, and which, if successful, will be of the greatest importance to the army before leaving this port. These negroes, upon being told what was wanted of them, although knowing that the enterprise would be attended with the greatest danger, and would require the utmost skill, volunteered their services, and upon being furnished with arms and implements immediately started upon the expedition. By to-morrow night it will be known whether they have all been killed or returned to camp successful. If any anti-Administration man is still sceptical with regard to the value of negro services in this war, I would recommend to him a trip to and a short sojourn in the Department of the South. I doubt very much if there are six white men in this Department who would have volunteered to go upon the expedition those negroes started upon last night. —*Tribune.*

BLACK SOLDIERS FROM FLORIDA.—*Key West, March* 7.—Quite a sturdy battalion of black soldiers was raised in this town, and a short time ago sent up to Hilton Head, S. C. Slavery seems extinct in the Key, and nearly all the colored people remaining here are the women, children and old men. The rest are off to the war. When our ship swung in to the wharf, several negro and mulatto women came aboard to offer their services as laundresses. Of these, one bright young mulatto woman, of fine figure and sedate countenance was pointed out to me by a gentleman acquainted in the place, as the daughter of a quondam U. S. Senator, now Secretary of the rebel navy, Mallory; and upon subsequent inquiry the statement was confirmed by a citizen.—*Tribune.*

FROM NORTH CAROLINA.—*Newbern, March* 10.—Since my previous letter I have visited some of the black settlements across the Trent, of which, in that locality, there are a number. In one I was told there are between 900 and 1,000 inhabitants, and there are several others as large or larger, all formerly slaves. These people live in huts built of split-pine sheathing, with round timber frame; the chimney composed of narow sticks laid cob-fashion and then plastered with clay—rude but comfortable structures: They build for themselves and each other under government direction, preserving considerable uniformity of style and method in laying out streets, etc. In these colonies may be found all ages from the wee toddling infant to the old and decrepit, who are sure they "Must be more dan a hundred, massa." Most of the able-bodied are employed by the government, the sick and infirm are a burden borne by the same. There are many of these latter from the fact that when the secessionists find it necessary, from the proximity to our troops, to retire toward the interior, they leave that class, and the women and children, if hurried, behind.

In one of the huts a school was in progress, kept by a black man. He had thirty scholars, who he told me were learning quite fast. He himself had a very fair average education; could read, write and cypher. He had learned all this, while a slave, from a school-boy. I said, "I thought it was forbidden to teach slaves"; he replied that "it was, but after the South got the law so that they could claim a slave, no matter where he went, the masters didn't care so much if the slaves did learn to read." So, to go back to past things, the inference would seem that the Fugitive Slave bill had a home purpose to serve, in making the slaves believe that it was of no use for them to run away, as well as for its enforcement at the North.

Every day I remain in the service strengthens me in the conviction that I shall never regret enlistment, if for no other reason than for the opportunity it has afforded, from such pictures as the negro settlement mentioned above, to get correct ideas of the work to be done, and the patience learned from positive experience.

Be it called "fighting for the nigger," or what it may, common observation here will soon teach a thoughtful man how inseparably the fate of the black man and the system of human slavery are linked with the issue, and how impossible it should be otherwise. The idea that the whole race may yet enjoy the precious boon of freedom, though we of the North were at first unwilling partners to the thought, it seems, is one of the grandest of the century, and which, one day, I can but believe all who are participants in this war, in the Union ranks, will be proud to say, "I helped accomplish," should God, in his mercy, grant success, despite the obstacles we cast in our own way, by lack of unity of purpose and action.—*Tribune.*

THE COLORED LOYALISTS.—The New Orleans correspondent of the Boston *Traveller*, after giving an instance of a preservation from danger of our troops, through the aid of a slave, says: "Every day we have some such proof of the honesty of the poor negroes, and their fidelity to our cause has saved many a Northern homestead from being robbed of a precious life. Of course we should denounce this down-trodden and abused race, and pay strict attention to the groans of their ferocious masters, who fear the revelations of their slaves may more deeply implicate them in their treasonable acts against our land. Keep up the howl of the white-livered hypocrites of the North, and the secession presses, and let us forge more chains for the slave-driver. Don't be so barbarous as to arm the negroes. Oh! no! We must not be so indiscreet."

NO NEGROES IN CAMP OVER NIGHT.—Gen. H. M. Judah, in command at Bowling Green, Ky., has issued an important order in regard to the treatment of negroes, of which the following is an extract:

HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES FORCES, BOWLING GREEN, Ky., March 6, 1863.

Special Orders No. 74.

[Extract.]

II. In obedience to orders from headquarters, District of Western Kentucky, dated 4th inst., commanding officers of regiments, battalions, and batteries of this command, are hereby ordered to eject from their camps, before sunset today, all negroes, male and female.

III. It is further ordered that hereafter no negroes will be permitted to reside in or near the camp of any of the forces of this command, in any capacity whatsoever, without a special permission from these headquarters authorizing their employment.

IV. Commanders of regiments, battalions, and batteries will be held to a strict accountability for the faithful execution of this order, and will make, or cause to be made, a daily inspection to secure it from violation or surreptitious evasion. By order of Brig.-Gen. H. M. JUDAH.

R. C. KISE, Assistant Adjutant-General.

NEGRO DARING.—An instance of the daring of negroes in that section is told by a Lake Providence (Louisiana) correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*:

"Recently a black man, after several days' urgent request for a musket and rounds of ammunition, succeeded in securing his wish. He set out in the night, and by morning reached the vicinity of a rebel guard. He crept cautiously forward, but was seen and watched. Suddenly the sharp crack of rifles brought him to his feet. Before him were three rebel soldiers. He instantly brought his musket to his shoulder and fired. One rebel fell dead. The negro, by the time the bewilderment of the other two had passed off, was upon them with uplifted musket, threatening them with its immediate descent unless they surrendered at once. They acquiesced in a hurry. Leaving the dead rebel to the dogs, with the other two in tow, the negro returned to our lines and delivered them to the authorities. Since this exploit the negro has made himself useful in scouting and bringing in information."

The same story is told by an artist of *Harper's Weekly*, who gives a sketch of "Union Jim" and his prisoners in the current number.—*Eve. Post.*

OLD UNCLE SAMMY'S STORY.—*Bayou Lafourche, La., March* 7.—Talking of contrabands, you should see how many wide-brimmed "loyalists" with long whips are swooping on colored agriculturalists now-a-days. Gen. Banks's late contract with the planters (wherein Sambo is a suppositious party, though precious little he comprehends of it) gives every quondam rebel proprietor a knot-hole through which he may crawl back into "mastership" again. Not a day passes without a foray of some lank cavalier on our frightened regimental employees, with his "Provost order" to return poor Jack or Phillis to her "owner." Sometimes a stout commanding officer "repudiates," and sometimes a timid one yields up the fugitive. Daily I hear of cases which smack of the old Egypt; where, for instance, a young woman is stripped by her overseer, who sits on her head, while he flogs the American flag into her back with a two-inch whiffletree strap; or where an old man of eighty is trussed up for the lash, because he foolishly gets into his white pate that the nearest road to freedom is through the lines of a Union regiment. Such was the case of old Uncle Sammy, an octogenarian, whose "short and simple annals" may be summed up as follows:

Born on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, "raised" for the Kentucky market, whereat he was knocked down to the highest bidder at the age of 15 years; worked on corn till near 30, when six piccaninnies called him sire; old story of sale again, and Sam sent to Louisiana with his wife, while their children were sold to all points of the compass; 50 years more passed on sugar plantations, and then Sam's old ears pricked up at the sound of a Northern trumpet, and he became a "contraband," "fugitive," "vagabond," or what not, as the case might be. Twice since he has been seized, "returned," and flogged by his master. This last "skedaddle" brings him to our camp, with his aged "help-meet," and I see them, as I write, toasting their thin shins at a camp fire, while washing the scars of their last lashes.

Now, this old slave of 80 winters avers that during half a century he never received from his sugar-growing owner so much as a solitary picayune for his own use, nor a single suit of clothes either in Summer or Winter. His master made it the condition of his being allowed to visit his wife, on a neighboring estate, that she should furnish him with clothing, and so she did, for fifty years. What a "Golden Wedding" the poor old couple are now enjoying at yonder camp fire, where they bathe each other's wounds in ditch water! But Sam will tell you he's contented, if we'll only promise not to "send him back"! Oh! this liberty! this incomprehensible afflatus! how it lifts even a wretched contraband up among the heroes!—*Tribune.*

THE NEGRO EXPEDITION INTO FLORIDA.—The story, set afloat by a Copperhead paper in New York, of the capture of Col. Higginson and his black regiment, is contradicted by authentic advices. A letter in *The Tribune*, dated Hilton Head, March 15, contains the following gratifying account of Mr. Higginson's success:

"The transport steamer Florida arrived this morning from Florida, with intelligence of the movements of the negro expedition under Cols. Higginson and Montgomery. I stated in my last that it was to operate, after ascending St. Mary's River, through the south-eastern portion of Georgia. I knew at the time its true destination, but thought it best to deceive the enemy as to the real route it was to take by indicating a wrong one, as unexpected delays might occur and premature revelations endanger the success of the movement. Now that it is known to have got fairly under way, no harm, of course, can any longer come from a statement of its actual direction. The expedition, after completing all necessary preparations for the inland march at Fernandina, moved up St. John's River, and on the 10th inst. occupied the town of Jacksonville without meeting any resistance. There was a small body of rebel troops in town at the time of the appearance of the black troops, but they abandoned it hastily, and retreated toward the interior. The sight of the colored soldiery caused a panic among the white inhabitants of the town. They had placed confidence in the misrepresentations of the rebel press as to the purpose of the employment of negro troops by the Union government, and expected nothing better than arson, murder and rapine from them. As the long column of armed and uniformed blacks marched through the streets and took possession of the public building, there was a general scampering of men, women and children in every direction. Not a single excess, however, was committed by the soldiers, although many of them had been held in bondage in the place—which is a clearer record than our white troops usually make in hostile towns.

On the morning of the 11th, Col. Montgomery, with a picked body of 200 men, made a reconnoisance of the road to Baldwin. Some miles beyond Jacksonville, the detachment was attacked by the rebels that had retreated from Jacksonville. A lively skirmish of some duration ensued, resulting in the repulse of the enemy. Col. Montgomery, after obtaining all the information in regard to the country he wanted, and collecting quite a number of contrabands, returned to Jacksonville. It was understood that the entire force was to march upon Baldwin, distant twenty miles from Jacksonville, yesterday morning. Baldwin, at this moment undoubtedly in our possession, is the junction of the Jacksonville and Tallahasse and Fernandina and Cedar Keys Railroads, and will be a most suitable point for successful raids through the adjoining country, one of the most populous districts of Northern Florida. Further news from the expedition is looked for here, even by negrophobists, with great eagerness.

DRAFTING OF NEGROES.—The following order from Gen. Saxton shows that Gen. Hunter's plan for drafting able-bodied negroes is to be promptly executed:

HQRS. U. S. FORCES, PORT ROYAL ISLAND, BEAUFORT, S. C., March 3, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 17.—The Major-General commanding having ordered that every able-bodied freedman in this Department, between the ages of 18 and 50 years, who is capable of bearing arms, shall be drafted into the service of the United States, the Division Superintendents are directed to forward without delay to Capt. E. W. Slooper a complete list of all persons under this supervision who come within the provisions of that order. While assuring the colored men that a stern military necessity requires that this order shall be rigidly enforced, the Superintendents are instructed to appeal first to their reason, sense of right, their love of liberty and their dread of returning to the rule of their late masters to induce them to come forward without further compulsion, and to take part with their brothers now in arms in the great struggle which is now going on, and which, if successful for us, will secure to them their liberties.

It should not be forgotten that, aside from the elevating moral influence which will be exerted upon the character of those who fight for their freedom, the government pays them generously in addition for their services. The Superintendents will be careful to place these facts before this people in the strongest possible light.

The General Commanding expects to form a pretty correct judgment of the comparative efficiency of the different Superintendents, and the amount of influence for good they are capable of exerting over their people, by the proportion of the whole number subject to the draft which they are able to bring in without the aid of physical force.

As fast as the men are collected, they will be sent to report to Capt. J. P. Low, A. Q. M., for further orders.

By command of Brig.-Gen. R. SAXTON.

STUART M. TAYLOR, Capt. and Ass.-Adjt.-Gen.
Official: S. S. STEVENS, 2d Lieut. 6th Conn. Vols., Act.-Assist.-Adjt.-Gen.

CHANGE OF VIEWS.—A letter in *The Tribune* from Fort Pulaski, March 18, says: "Many of the officers admit that their views in regard to the part the negro should play in this war have changed materially within the past few months. Although not willing to serve *under* them, they have no objection to fighting beside them on the battle-field. As a matter of policy, they think, as do nearly all the officers in this Department, that it would be better to keep the negro brigades and divisions separate, and not merge them with the old army corps. In this way the negro can have an independent field to work upon; can demonstrate his capacity to march and fight, and if successful can have all the glory springing from the victory. One or two small expeditions are being fitted out as preliminary movements to the grand one, the result of which you will probably learn by the next mail."

PROSPECTS OF THE NEGRO SOLDIERS.—*Baton Rouge, Friday, March* 13, 1863.—The more I see of our colored regiments, and the more I converse with our soldiers, the more convinced I am that upon them we must ultimately rely as the *principal source of our strength in these latitudes.* It is perfect nonsense for any one to attempt to talk away the broad fact, evident as the sun at noonday, that these men are capable not only of making good soldiers, but the very best of soldiers. The Third Louisiana Native Guards, Col. Nelson, are encamped here, and a more orderly, disciplined, robust and effective set of men I defy any one to produce. An old European officer—one who has followed the profession of arms from his very boyhood—said to me to day: "In one essential respect, sir, I believe that, in a short time, these colored soldiers will surpass any we have in our army: I mean in *subordination*, without which no army can be effective. We are in the habit of carrying our *citizenship* with us into the field, and that begets an amount of undue familiarity between officers and men that is often destructive of obedience. Toward the black man we feel none of those delicate sentiments of equality; and he, on his part, has always been accustomed to be commanded. Beside this, he is acclimated; knows the country thoroughly, and if called upon to fight, will fight in earnest; for he knows that if taken prisoner he will meet no mercy." There are many who still sneer at the idea of a colored man being able to fight, but it is only fair to state that if the latter does not give a good account of himself on the battle-field, it is simply because nobody will permit him the chance of proving what he can do there. Col. Nelson, anxious to have an opportunity of exhibiting to the world what his command is capable of, and thus put their manhood beyond all question, has implored Gen. Banks to put him in the foremost point of danger in the coming struggle, and says that his men are as ready as himself to stake their lives upon the result; but the General—doubtless acting upon explicit orders—says that they must, at present at least, be confined to manning the fortifications here.

I am happy to say that the feeling toward these colored regiments, throughout the army, is undergoing the most rapid and extraordinary changes. Soldiers that—only a few months, nay weeks, ago—would have flown into a furious passion at the bare idea of a black man carrying a musket like themselves, now say, "Oh, if you are going to give them white officers, that is another affair altogether." I have conversed with officers and privates, I may say, and without exaggeration, by dozens, and I find but one feeling prevailing throughout, viz: To support the President through *any and every measure* to put down the rebellion. Their remark is, "Why shouldn't they stand fire as well as we?" Here and there an exception is to be found, but it is sure to be some stuck-up youth who fancies himself made of better stuff than our naval officers, who have no compunctions of pride in using black crews, or some cowardly fellow who is wanting some excuse to sneak out of the army anyhow.—*Times.*

Summary.

A debating club in Worcester lately discussed the important question: "Whether a rooster's knowledge of daybreak is the result of observation or instinct."

It is understood that all the females at present employed in the Treasury Department will be discharged within a few weeks, their services being no longer required.

Parson Brownlow realized from the sale of his book within ninety days over $17,000, which sum was paid over to him by the Philadelphia publisher, George W. Childs.

THE NEW JERSEY PEACE RESOLUTIONS.—The "peace" resolutions which passed the New Jersey Senate a week or two since have now passed the House of Assembly, every Democrat except one voting in their favor.

In a speech at Manchester, N. H., the other day, the Hon. Wm. A. Howard, in alluding to our national debt, and the products of our dairy, set down in the census at $125,000,000 a year, remarked that *in ten years our women can churn this debt all out!*

A distiller in Bethlehem, Pa., has had his stock of whiskey (two hundred barrels) seized for attempting to defraud the government in the matter of tax. The penalty is $500 per barrel. The total amount of the fine is $100,000. The amount is said to be more than twice the amount the offender is worth.

A BAD MARK.—"I've got a boy for you, sir." "Glad of it; who is he?" asked the master-workman of a large establishment. The man told the boy's name and where he lived. "Don't want him," said the master-workman, "he has got a bad mark." "A bad mark, sir! what?" "I meet him every day with a cigar in his mouth; I don't want smokers."

Part of the baggage of Miss Constance Carey, the pretended refugee who was arrested while returning South, consisted of her bridal trousseau, which was unceremoniously seized with the rest of her packages. She begged piteously to be allowed to take it South, declaring she was about to be married to Gen. Fitzhugh Lee.

A lawyer who wished to play upon the stupidity of an opposing witness, interrogated him thus: "Mr. Hodge, you have a son who is an idiot, have you not?" "Yes, sir." "Does he know anything?" "Very little." "How much does he know?" "Well, almost nothing: not much more than you do." The witness was allowed to retire, without further question, amidst the most uproarious "screams of laughter."

Five negroes and a mulatto man were advertised for sale at auction at Carthage, Hancock County, Ill., on the 18th ult., under the heathenish black laws of that State, to pay the expense of arresting and imprisoning them. We have seen no account of their sale. The law has been for the most part a dead letter, few men being found mean enough to enforce it, but lately the Copperheads are using it against the negroes, much to the delight of the Copperhead Hartford *Times.*

The people of Detroit have appointed a Committee to solicit subscriptions and afford temporary relief to the sufferers by the late riot. The Committee report that they have extended relief to about one hundred and fifty persons, including children. Of these ten are white persons. They found six colored men so much injured as to be utterly helpless. Three of these were turned out of doors—their houses having been entirely destroyed—and so terribly beaten that but little hope is entertained of saving their lives.

MCCLELLAN AT HOME.—A distinguished gentleman of Philadelphia, in the course of a private letter, says:

"At McCoy's lecture at the Opera House on Thursday evening, after cheers had been given most heartily for Butler, Burnside and "fighting Joe Hooker," somebody in the upper tier called out, "Now three cheers for General McClellan"—a proposition that was met by a deep silence, broken only by some hissing, and by some one below calling out, "Why, there is a Copperhead."

"A WHOLE NAGAR."—At a recent negro celebration, an Irishman stood listening to Frederick Douglass, who was expatiating upon Government and Freedom, and as the orator came to a period from the highest poetical heights, the Irishman said:

"Bedad, he spake well for a nagar."

"Don't you know," said one, "that he isn't a negro? He is only a half negro."

"Only a half nagar, is he? Will, if a half nagar can talk in that style, I'm thinking a whole nagar might beat the prophet Jeremiah!"

"MUSTERED IN."—A joke is told by the boys of the 117th, in regard to the "mustering in" of a negro attached to the regiment who was fearful he would be deprived of his pay unless he was joined to the service. A huge mustard plaster was applied to his back about a foot below where the buttons on his coat are placed, and under the belief that all soldiers were served in the same manner, he wore it until the pain became unendurable, at which time he was declared "mustered in," according to the law in such cases made and provided. Shameful!

THE KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN CIRCLE IN INDIANA.—The Indianapolis *Journal* says that news comes from every part of Indiana that the Knights of the Golden Circle are supplying themselves with arms. It adds that immense quantities of revolvers and bowie-knives are daily shipped from Indianapolis, Cincinnati and other places, into different parts of the State, and that they are sent into the country neighborhoods in lots of ten to one hundred, showing that companies and societies are all arming at once. The Union Leagues will prove an effectual foil to these reasonable movements of the Knights.

THE EIGHTH CENSUS.—The eighth census of the United States is rapidly approaching completion. The preliminary report which has been printed, will be followed by volumes on population, agriculture, manufactures, mortality, etc. They are nearly ready for the press. By the resolutions of the two Houses, the publication is placed under the direction of the Superintendent of the Census, who hopes to have the most important portions of the work ready for distribution before the next regular session of Congress.

The New York *Express* gravely announces an advance in the price of negroes in Kentucky, which it attributes to the President's proclamation of freedom. It says:

"The slaveholders and the Abolitionists disagree *in toto* upon the present rate of negroes. The slaveholders' opinion is that the President's course is strengthening, and has strengthened, 'the institution' and its value, and show their belief 'by works.'"

—Such being the happy effects of the proclamation, so far as the slaveholders are concerned, and the Republicans being thoroughly satisfied with it, we do not see why *The Express* should persist in its factious and fruitless hostility. —*Tribune.*

THE WORLD MOVES.—A Nashville correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, giving an account of the Union mass meeting in that city on Washington's Birthday, says:

"I was particularly gratified during the course of the meeting, that the most emphatically unconditional Union sentiments, whether in the speeches or in the songs sung by the glee club, were received with the loudest and heartiest applause. Just think of this assertion, that 'a man who is pro-slavery cannot, without explanations, be considered loyal,' or of the song, 'Kingdom Comin'' being cheered to the echo by an immense audience of ladies and gentlemen in the capital of Tennessee! Does not the world move?"

A TENNESSEE DEMOCRAT'S OPINION.—A Tennessee lawyer, a refugee from rebel tyranny, who found shelter in a neighboring village at the outbreak of the war, was asked the other day why he did not return to Nashville, now that the Federal army is in occupation, and life and property once more secure. His answer was in these words: "I shall never go back to Nashville till Tennessee is a free State! I have always been a Democrat, and I have been a slaveholder, but, old as I am, I believe that I shall yet go home to a State where slavery will no longer exist." The speaker was a man of sixty, whom the rebellion has converted into an anti-slavery man.—*Eve. Post.*

There has been a great depth of snow in the Alps, this Winter. The mail from Milan was stopped for five days at Campoloeino, on the south side of the Spingen road. There were the drifts on the ground, and it became necessary to postpone the burial of the persons who died in the villages. The passage of the St. Gothard was likewise completely closed, and even the telegraphic communication was interrupted. The excellent dogs maintained in the hospices of the Alps rendered great service. The passes of the Simplon were blocked up, and several terrible avalanches have overwhelmed villages. In the hamlet of Locarno a church was crushed, and 53 lives were lost.

HOW TO JOIN THE PARTS.—At a dinner given in this city in the year 1775, a gentleman of considerable notoriety as a wit was asked, "Pray, what is a Tory?" He replied, "A Tory is a creature whose head is in England, while his body is in America, and I think the two parts ought to be joined by stretching the neck." We have still persons among us not unlike the description of the Tory, whose heads are in Richmond, while their bodies are in New York; and though we might not recommend the old revolutionary wit's plan of bringing the two parts together by stretching the intervening membranes, we should certainly not object to seeing the body sent where the head is.—*Eve. Post.*

The Philadelphia *North American* announces an antiquarian discovery which, it says, gives to Pennsylvania some of the laurels hitherto very gracefully worn by Massachusetts. This particular laurel is that which belongs to the person who first proposed the printing of the Bible in America. Cotton Mather has hitherto had the honor. But now it seems there have been discovered the relics of "Proposals for the Printing of a large Bible, by William Bradford," dated "Philadelphia, the 14th of the 1st month, 1688." Autograph letters are said to be in existence giving even an earlier date to this project on the part of Bradford.

WEST VIRGINIA.—There is soon to be a vote taken in West Virginia on the ratification of the new State Constitution as Congress has accepted it, and there can be no doubt of a very large affirmative majority. In fact, its adversaries are giving up the contest, alleging that they cannot have fair play. Among the Union soldiers from that State, the vote for the new State will be about ninety-nine to one. Hon. George W. Summers of Kanawha—perhaps the ablest man whom Virginia has sent to Congress during the last twenty years—is reported by *The Ritchie County Press* to have "come out fair and square for the new State, and to be working for it with might and main." He was a slaveholder at the outset of the rebellion, and has been regarded as an upholder of secession.

METHODIST PROTESTANTS.—The New York Annual Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, at its recent meeting in this city, adopted a series of resolutions, of which the following is a specimen:

Resolved, That inasmuch as we firmly believe that the institution of slavery is the sum of all villanies, the great sin of our nation which has brought down the chastisement of Heaven, and is the direct and legitimate cause of the war that is now desolating our country, beside inflicting many other evils, we, therefore, hail the Emancipation proclamation as one of the most important, far-reaching and masterly strokes of State policy

Miscellaneous Department.

A LITTLE GRAVE.

A little grave where daisies grow;
A little body lying low;
That is all the world may know.
But our hearts
Hold a baby sweet and fair,
A little child with sunny hair,
Child of tenderest love and care—
Meenie, Meenie!

In the sweet spring of her day,
We gave her to the lonely clay,
From our tear-dimmed eyes away.
How we loved her, none can tell;
They who have loved like us, as well,
Loved and lost, alone may tell—
Meenie, Meenie!

Wistful shadows in her eyes,
Like the dreamy haze that lies
Trembling in the Summer skies;
And the burden of a fear,
All unspoken, yet so near,
Fell on us that weary year—
Meenie, Meenie!

Shrinking from the children's glee,
Keeping close to mother's knee,
Or in arms that tenderly
Watched her fading, faded she—
Faded she, our blossom fair,
Our little child with sunny hair,
Child of tenderest love and care—
Meenie, Meenie!

Swift the seasons come and go;
Thickly falls the drifting snow
O'er a little grave we know;
But her feet
Have passed in at a pearly door,
Have trod the shining golden floor,
Fair and fadeless evermore—
Meenie, Meenie!

—*Chambers's Journal.*

SOJOURNER TRUTH, THE LIBYAN SIBYL.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

From The Atlantic Monthly for April.

MANY years ago, the few readers of radical Abolitionist papers must often have seen the singular name of Sojourner Truth, announced as a frequent speaker at anti-slavery meetings, and as travelling on a sort of self-appointed agency through the country. I had myself often remarked the name, but never met the individual. On one occasion, when our house was filled with company, several eminent clergymen being our guests, notice was brought up to me that Sojourner Truth was below, and requested an interview. Knowing nothing of her but her singular name, I went down, prepared to make the interview short, as the pressure of many other engagements demanded.

When I went into the room, a tall, spare form arose to meet me. She was evidently a full-blooded African, and though now aged and worn with many hardships, still gave the impression of a physical development which in early youth must have been as fine a specimen of the torrid zone as Cumberworth's celebrated statuette of the Negro Woman at the Fountain. Indeed, she so strongly reminded me of that figure, that, when I recall the events of her life, as she narrated them to me, I imagine her as a living, breathing, impersonation of that work of art.

I do not recollect ever to have been conversant with any one who had more of that silent and subtle power which we call personal presence than this woman. In the modern Spiritualistic phraseology, she would be described as having a strong sphere. Her tall form, as she rose up before me, is still vivid to my mind. She was dressed in some stout, grayish stuff, neat and clean, though dusty from travel. On her head she wore a bright Madras handkerchief, arranged as a turban, after the manner of her race. She seemed perfectly self-possessed and at her ease—in fact, there was almost an unconscious superiority, not unmixed with a solemn twinkle of humor, in the odd, composed manner in which she looked down on me. Her whole air had at times a gloomy sort of drollery which impressed one strangely.

"So, this is *you*," she said.

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, honey, de Lord bless ye! I jes' thought I'd like to come an' have a look at ye. You's heerd o' me, I reckon?" she added.

"Yes, I think I have. You go about lecturing, do you not?"

"Yes, honey, that's what I do. The Lord has made me a sign unto this nation, an' I go round a-testifyin', an' showin' on 'em their sins agin my people."

So saying, she took a seat, and, stooping over and crossing her arms on her knees, she looked down on the floor, and appeared to fall into a sort of reverie. Her great gloomy eyes and her dark face seemed to work with some undercurrent of feeling; she sighed deeply, and occasionally broke out—

"O Lord! O Lord! Oh, the tears, an' the groans, an' the moans! O Lord!"

I should have said that she was accompanied by a little grandson of ten years—the fattest, jolliest woolly-headed little specimen of Africa that one can imagine. He was grinning and showing his glistening white teeth in a state of perpetual merriment, and at this moment broke out into an audible giggle, which disturbed the reverie into which his relative was falling.

She looked at him with an indulgent sadness, and then at me.

"Laws, ma'am, *he* don't know nothin' about it—*he* don't. Why I've seen them poor critters, beat an' 'bused an' hunted, brought in all torn—ears hangin' all in rags, where the dogs been a-bitin' of 'em!"

This set off our little African Puck into another giggle, in which he seemed perfectly convulsed.

She surveyed him soberly, without the slightest irritation.

"Well, you may bless the Lord you *can* laugh; but I tell you, 't wa'n't no laugin' matter."

By this time I thought her manner so original that it might be worth while to call down my friends; and she seemed perfectly well pleased with the idea. An audience was what she wanted—it mattered not whether high or low, learned or ignorant. She had things to say, and was ready to say them at all times, and to any one.

I called down Dr. Beecher, Prof. Allen, and two or three other clergymen, who, together with my husband and family, made a roomful. No princess could have received a drawing-room with more composed dignity than Sojourner her audience. She stood among them, calm and erect, as one of her own native palm-trees waving alone in the desert. I presented one after another to her, and at last said:

"Sojourner, this is Dr. Beecher. He is a very celebrated preacher."

"*Is* he?" she said, offering her hand in a condescending manner, and looking down on his white head. "Ye dear lamb, I'm glad to see ye! De Lord bless ye! I loves preachers. I'm a kind o' preacher myself."

"You are?" said Dr. Beecher. "Do you preach from the Bible?"

"No, honey, can't preach from de Bible—can't read a letter."

"Why, Sojourner, what do you preach from, then?"

Her answer was given with a solemn power of voice, peculiar to herself, that hushed every one in the room.

"When I preaches, I has jest one text to preach from, an' I always preaches from this one. *My* text is, 'WHEN I FOUND JESUS.'"

"Well, you couldn't have a better one," said one of the ministers.

She paid no attention to him, but stood and seemed swelling with her own thoughts, and then began this narration:

"Well, now, I'll jest have to go back, an' tell ye all about it. Ye see, we was all brought over from Africa, father an' mother an' I, an' a lot more of us; an' we was sold up an' down, an' hither an' yon; an' I can 'member, when I was a little thing, not bigger than this 'ere," pointing to her grandson, "how my old mammy would sit out o' doors in the evenin', an' look up at the stars an' groan. She'd groan an' groan, an' says I to her—

"'Mammy, what makes you groan so?'

"An' she'd say—

"'Matter enough, chile! I'm groanin' to think o' my poor children: they don't know where I be, an' I don't know where they be; they looks up at the stars, an' I looks up at the stars, but I can't tell where they be.

"'Now,' she said, 'chile, when you're grown up, you may be sold away from your mother an' all your ole friends an' have great troubles come on ye; an' when you has these troubles come on ye, ye jest go to God, an' He'll help ye.'

"An' says I to her—

"'Who is God, anyhow, mammy?'

"An' says she—

"'Why, chile, you jes' look up *dar!* It's Him that made all *dem!*'

"Well, I didn't mind much 'bout God in them days. I grew up pretty lively an' strong, an' could row a boat, or ride a horse, or work round, an' do 'most anything.

"At last I got sold away to a real hard massa an' missis. Oh, I tell you, they *was* hard! 'Peared like I couldn't please 'em, nohow. An' then I thought o' what my old mammy told me about God; an' I thought I'd got into trouble, sure enough, an' I wanted to find God, an' I heerd some one tell a story about a man that met God on a threshin'-floor, an' I thought, 'Well an' good, I'll have a threshin'-floor, too.' So I went down in the lot, an' I threshed down a place real hard, an' I used to go down there every day, an' pray an' cry with all my might, a-prayin' to the Lord to make my massa an' missis better, but it didn't seem to do no good; an' so says I, one day—

"'O God, I been a-asking ye, an' asking ye, an' askin' ye, for all this long time, to make my massa an' missis better, an' you don't do it, and what *can* be the reason? Why, maybe you *can't*. Well, I shouldn't wonder ef you couldn't. Well, now, I tell you, I'll make a bargain with you. Ef you'll help me to git away from my massa an' missis, I'll agree to be good; but ef you don't help me, I really don't think I can be. Now,' says I, 'I want to git away; but the trouble's jest here: ef I try to git away in the night, I can't see; an' ef I try to git away in the daytime, they'll see me, an' be after me.'

"Then the Lord said to me, 'Git up two or three hours afore daylight, an' start off.'

"An' says I, 'Thank'ee Lord! that's a good thought.'

"So up I got, about three o'clock in the mornin', an' I started an' travelled pretty fast, till, when the sun rose, I was clear away from our place an' our folks, an' out o' sight. An' then I begun to think I didn't know nothin' where to go. So I kneeled down, and says I—

"'Well, Lord, you've started me out, an' now please to show me where to go.'

"Then the Lord made a house appear to me, an' He said to me that I was to walk on till I saw that house, an' then go in an' ask the people to take me. An' I travelled all day, an' didn't come to the house till late at night; but when I saw it, sure enough, I went in, an' I told the folks that the Lord sent me; an' they was Quakers, and real kind they was to me. They jes' took me in, and did for me as kind as ef I'd been one of 'em; an' after they'd give me supper, they took me into a room where there was a great, tall, white bed; an' they told me to sleep there. Well, honey, I was kind o' skeered when they left me alone with that great white bed: 'cause I never had been in a bed in my life. It never came into my mind they could mean me to sleep in it. An' so I jes' camped down under it, on the floor, an' then I slep' pretty well. In the mornin', when they came in, they asked me ef I hadn't been asleep; an' I said, 'Yes, I never slep' better.' An' they said, 'Why, you haven't been in the bed!' An' says I, 'Laws, you did'nt think o' sech thing as my sleeping in dat 'ar *bed*, did you? I never heerd o' sech a thing in my life.'

"Well, ye see, honey, I stayed an' lived with 'em. An' now jes' look here: instead o' keepin' my promise an' bein good, as I told the Lord I would, jest as soon as everything got a-goin' easy, *I forgot all about God.*

"Pretty well don't need no help; an' I gin up prayin'. I lived there two or three years, an' then the slaves in New York were all set free, an' ole massa came to our house to make a visit, an' he asked me ef I didn't want to go back and see the folks on the ole place. An' I told him I did. So he said ef I'd jes' git into the waggon with him, he'd carry me over. Well, jest as I was goin' out to git into the waggon, *I met God!* an' says I, 'O God, I didn't know as you was so great!' An' I turned right round an' come into the house, an' set down in my room; for 'twas God all around me. I could feel it burnin', burnin', burnin' all around me, an' goin' through me; an' I saw I was so wicked, it seemed as ef it would burn me up. An' I said, 'O somebody, somebody, stand between God an' me! for it burns me!' Then, honey, when I said so, I felt as it were somethin' like an *amberill* [umbrella] that came between me an' the light, an' I felt it was *somebody*—somebody that stood between me an' God; an' it felt cool, like a shade; an' says I, 'Who's this that stands between me an' God? Is it old Cato?' He was a pious old preacher; but then I seemed to see Cato in the light, an' he was all polluted an' vile, like me; an' I said, 'Is it old Sally?' an' then I saw her, an' she seemed jes' so. An' then says I, '*Who* is this?' An' then, honey, for a while it was like the sun shinin' in a pail o' water, when it moves up an' down; for I begun to feel 'twas somebody that loved me; an' I tried to know him. An' I said, 'I know you! I know you! I know you!'—an' then I said, 'I don't know you! I don't know you! I don't know you!' And when I said, 'I know you, I know you,' the light came; an' when I said, 'I don't know you, I don't know you,' it went, jes' like the sun in a pail o' water. An' finally somethin' spoke out in me and said, '*This is Jesus!*' An' I spoke out with all my might, an' says I, '*This is Jesus!* Glory be to God!' And then the whole world grew bright, an' the trees they waved an' waved in glory, an' every little bit o' stone on the ground shone like glass; and I shouted an' said, 'Praise, praise, praise to the Lord!' An' I begun to feel sech a love in my soul as I never felt before—love to all creatures. An' then, all of a sudden, it stopped, an' I said, 'Dar's de white folks, that have abused you an' beat you an' abused your people—think o' them!' But then there came another rush of love through my soul, and I cried out loud, 'Lord, Lord, I can love *even de white folks!*'"

"Honey, I jes' walked round an' round in a dream. Jesus loved me! I knowed it—I felt it. Jesus was my Jesus. Jesus would love me always. I didn't dare tell nobody; 'twas a great secret. Everything had been got away from me that I ever had; an' I thought that ef I let white folks know about this, maybe they'd git *Him* away—so I said, 'I'll keep this close. I won't let any one know.'"

"But, Sojourner, had you never been told about Jesus Christ?"

"No, honey. I hadn't heerd no preachin'—been to no meetin'. Nobody hadn't told me. I'd kind o' heerd of Jesus, but thought he was like Gineral Lafayette, or some o' them. But one night there was a Methodist meetin' somewhere in our parts, an' I went; an' they got up and begun for to tell der 'speriences; an' de fust one begun to speak. I started, 'cause he told about Jesus. 'Why,' says I to myself, 'dat man's found Him, too!' An' another got up an' spoke, an' I said, 'He's found Him, too!' An' finally I said, 'Why, they all know Him!' I was so happy! An' then they sung this hymn:" (Here Sojourner sang, in a strange, cracked voice, but evidently with all her soul and might, mispronouncing the English, but seeming to derive as much elevation and comfort from bad English as from good):

"There is a holy city,
A world of light above,
Above the stairs and regions,*
Built by the God of love.

"An everlasting temple,
And saints arrayed in white
There serve their great Redeemer
And dwell with him in light.

"The meanest child of glory
Outshines the radiant sun;
But who can speak the splendor
Of Jesus on his throne?

"Is this the man of sorrows
Who stood at Pilate's bar,
Condemned by haughty Herod
And by his men of war?

"He seems a mighty conqueror,
Who spoiled the powers below,
And ransomed many captives
From everlasting woe.

"The hosts of saints around him
Proclaim his work of grace,
The patriarchs and prophets,
And all the godly race,

"Who speak of fiery trials
And tortures on their way;
They came from tribulation
To everlasting day.

"And what shall be my journey,
How long I'll stay below,
Or what shall be my trials,
Are not for me to know.

'In every day of trouble
I'll raise my thoughts on high,
I'll think of that bright temple
And crowns above the sky."

I put in this whole hymn, because Sojourner, carried away with her own feeling, sang it from beginning to end with a triumphant energy that held the whole circle around her intently listening. She sang with the strong barbaric accent of the native African, and with those indescribable upward turns and those deep gutturals which give such a wild, peculiar power to the negro singing—but above all, with such an overwhelming energy of personal appropriation that the hymn seemed to be fused in the furnace of her feelings and come out recrystallized as a production of her own.

It is said that Rachel was wont to chant the "Marseillaise" in a manner that made her seem, for the time, the very spirit and impersonation of the gaunt, wild, hungry, avenging mob which rose against aristocratic oppression; and in like manner, Sojourner, singing this hymn, seemed to impersonate the fervor of Ethiopia, wild, savage, hunted of all nations, but burning after God in her tropic heart, and stretching her scarred hands towards the glory to be revealed.

"Well, den ye see, after a while I thought I'd go back an' see de folks on de ole place. Well, you know, de law had passed dat de culled folks was all free; an' my old missis, she had a daughter married about dis time who went to live in Alabama—an' what did she do but give her my son, a boy about de age of dis yer, for her to take down to Alabama! When I got back to de ole place, they told me about it, an' I went right up to see ole missis, an' says I—

"'Missis, have you been an' sent my son away down to Alabama?'

"'Yes, I have,' says she; 'he's gone to live with your young missis.'

"'Oh, missis,' says I, 'how could you do it?'

"'Poh!' says she, 'what a fuss you make about a little nigger! Got more of 'em now than you know what to do with.'

"I tell you, I stretched up. I felt as tall as the world!

"'Missis,' says I, '*I'll have my son back again!*'

"She laughed.

"'*You* will, you nigger? How you goin' to do it? You ha'n't got no money.'

"'No, missis—but God has—an' you'll see He'll help me!'—an' I turned round an' went out.

"Oh, but I *was* angry to have her speak to me so haughty an' so scornful, as ef my child wasn't worth anything. I said to God, 'O Lord, render unto her double!' It was a dreadful prayer, an' I didn't know how true it would come.

"Well, I didn't rightly know which way to turn; but I went to the Lord, an' I said to Him, 'O Lord, ef I was as rich as you be, an' you was as poor as I be, I'd help you—you *know* I would; and, oh, do help me!' An' I felt sure then that He would.

"Well, I talked with people, an' they said I must git the case before a grand jury. So I went into the town when they was holdin' a court, to see ef I could find any grand jury. An' I stood round the court-house, an' when they was a-comin' out, I walked right up to the grandest-lookin' one I could see, an' says I to him—

"'Sir, be you a grand jury?'

"An' then he wanted to know why I asked, an' I told him all about it; an' he asked me all sorts of questions, an' finally he says to me—

"'I think, ef you pay me ten dollars, that I'd agree to git your son for you.' An' says he, pointin' to a house over the way, 'You go 'long an' tell your story to the folks in that house, an' I guess they'll give you the money.'

"Well, I went, an' I told them, an' they gave me twenty dollars; an' then I thought to myself, 'Ef ten dollars will git him, twenty dollars will git him *sartin*.' So I carried it to the man all out, an' said—

"'Take it all—only be sure an' git him.'

"Well, finally they got the boy brought back; an' then they tried to frighten him, an' to make him say that I wasn't his mammy, an' that he didn't know me; but they couldn't make it out. They gave him to me, an' I took him an' carried him home; an' when I came to take off his clothes, there was his poor little back all covered with scars an' hard lumps, where they'd flogged him.

"Well, you see, honey, I told you how I prayed the Lord to render unto her double. Well, it came true; for I was up at ole missis' house not long after, an' I heerd 'em readin' a letter to her how her daughter's husband had murdered her—how he'd thrown her down an' stamped the life out of her, when he was in liquor; an' my ole missis, she give a screech, an' fell flat on the floor. Then says I, 'O Lord, I don't mean all that! You took me up too quick.'

"Well, I went in an' 'tended that poor critter all night. She was out of her mind—a-cryin', an' callin' for her daughter; an' I held her poor ole head on my arm, an' watched for her as ef she'd been my babby. An' I watched by her, an' took care on her all through her sickness after that, an' she died in my arms, poor thing!"

"Well, Sojourner, did you always go by this name?"

"No, 'deed! My name was Isabella; but when I left the house of bondage, I left everything behind. I wa'n't goin' to keep nothin' of Egypt on me, an' so I went to the Lord an' asked Him to give me a new name. And the Lord gave me Sojourner, because I was to travel up an' down the land, showin' the people their sins, an' bein' a sign unto them. Afterwards I told the Lord I wanted another name, 'cause everybody else had two names; and the Lord gave me Truth, because I was to declare the truth to the people.

"Ye see some ladies have given me a white satin banner," she said, pulling out of her pocket and unfolding a white banner, printed with many texts, such as, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof," and others of like nature. "Well," she said, "I journeys round to camp-meetin's, an' wherever folks is, an' I sets up my banner, an' then I sings, an' then folks always comes up round me, an' then I preaches to 'em. I tells 'em about Jesus, an' I tells 'em about the sins of this people. A great many always comes to hear me; an' they're right good to me, too, an' say they want to hear me agin."

We all thought it likely; and as the company left her, they shook hands with her, and thanked her for her very original sermon; and one of the ministers was overheard to say to another, "There's more of the gospel in that story than in most sermons."

Sojourner stayed several days with us, a welcome guest. Her conversation was so strong, simple, shrewd, and with such a droll flavoring of humor, that the Professor was wont to say of an evening, "Come, I am dull, can't you get Sojourner up here to talk a little?" She would come up into the parlor, and sit among pictures and ornaments, in her simple stuff gown, with her heavy travelling-shoes, the central object of attention both to parents and children, always ready to talk or to sing, and putting into the common flow of conversation the keen edge of some shrewd remark.

"Sojourner, what do you think of Women's Rights?"

"Well, honey, I's been to der meetins, an' harked a good deal. Dey wanted me fur to speak. So I got up. Says I, 'Sisters, I a'n't clear what you'd be after. Ef women want any rights more'n dey's got, why don't dey jes' *take em*, an' not be talkin' about it?' Some on 'em came round me, an' asked why I didn't wear Bloomers. An' I told 'em I had Bloomers enough while I was in bondage. You see," she said, "dey used to weave what dey called nigger-cloth, an' each one of us got jes' sech a strip, an' had to wear it width-wise. Them that was short got along pretty well, but as for me"—— She gave an indescribably droll glance at her long limbs and then at us, and added, "Tell *you*, I had enough of Bloomers in them days."

Sojourner then proceeded to give her views of the relative capacity of the sexes, in her own way.

"S'pose a man's mind holds a quart, an' a woman's don't hold but a pint; ef her pint is *full*, it's as good as his quart."

Sojourner was fond of singing an extraordinary lyric, commencing—

"I'm on my way to Canada,
That cold, but happy land;
The dire effects of slavery
I can no longer stand.
O righteous Father,
Do look down on me,
And help me on to Canada,
Where colored folks are free!"

The lyric ran on to state, that, when the fugitive crosses the Canada line,

"The Queen comes down unto the shore,
With arms extended wide,
To welcome the poor fugitive
Safe onto Freedom's side."

In the truth thus set forth she seemed to have the most simple faith.

But her chief delight was to talk of "glory," and to sing hymns whose burden was,

"O glory, glory, glory,
Won't you come along with me?"

and when left to herself, she would often hum these with great delight, nodding her head.

On one occasion, I remember her sitting at a window singing and fervently keeping time with her head, the little black Puck of a grandson meanwhile amusing himself with ornamenting her red-and-yellow turban with green dandelion curls, which shook and trembled with her emotions, causing him perfect convulsions of delight.

"Sojourner," said the Professor to her, one day, when he heard her singing, "you seem to be very sure about heaven."

"Well, I be," she answered, triumphantly.

"What makes you so sure there is any heaven?"

"Well, 'cause I got such a hankerin' arter it in here," she said, giving a thump on her breast with her usual energy.

There was at the time an invalid in the house, and Sojourner, on learning it, felt a mission to go and comfort her. It was curious to see the tall, gaunt, dusky figure stalk up to the bed with such an air of conscious authority, and take on herself the office of consoler with such a mixture of authority and tenderness. She talked as from above—and at the same time, if a pillow needed changing or any office to be rendered, she did it with a strength and handiness that inspired trust. One felt as if the dark, strange woman were quite able to take up the invalid in her bosom, and bear her as a lamb, both physically and spiritually. There was both power and sweetness in that great warm soul and that vigorous frame.

At length, Sojourner, true to her name, departed. She had her mission elsewhere. Where now she is I know not; but she left deep memories behind her.

To these recollections of my own I will add one more anecdote, related by Wendell Phillips.

Speaking of the power of Rachel to move and bear down a whole audience by a few simple words, he said he never knew but one other human being that had that power, and that other was Sojourner Truth. He related a scene of which he was witness. It was at a crowded public meeting in Faneuil Hall, where Frederick Douglass was one of the chief speakers. Douglass had been describing the wrongs of the black race, and as he proceeded, he grew more and more excited, and finally ended by saying that they had no hope of justice from the whites, no possible hope, except in their own right arms. It must come to blood; they must fight for themselves, and redeem themselves, or it would never be done.

Sojourner was sitting, tall and dark, on the very front seat, facing the platform; and in the hush of deep feeling, after Douglass sat down, she spoke out, in her deep, peculiar voice, heard all over the house—

"Frederick, *is God dead?*"

The effect was perfectly electrical, and thrilled through the whole house, changing as by a flash the whole feeling of the audience. Not another word she said or needed to say; it was enough.

It is with a sad feeling that one contemplates noble minds and bodies, nobly and grandly formed human beings, that have come to us cramped, scarred, maimed, out of the prison-house of bondage. One longs to know what such beings might have become, if suffered to unfold and expand under the kindly developing influences of education.

It is the theory of some writers, that to the African is reserved, in the later and palmier days of the earth, the full and harmonious development of the religious element in man. The African seems to seize on the tropical fervor and luxuriance of Scripture imagery as something native; he appears to feel himself to be of the same blood with those old burning, simple souls, the patriarchs, prophets, and seers, whose impassioned words seem only grafted as foreign plants on the cooler stock of the Occidental mind.

I cannot but think that Sojourner with the same culture might have spoken words as eloquent and undying as those of the African Saint Augustine or Tertullian. How grand and queenly a woman she might have been, with her wonderful physical vigor, her great heaving sea of emotion, her power of spiritual conception, her quick penetration, and her boundless energy! We might conceive an African type of woman so largely made and moulded, so much fuller in all the elements of life, physical and spiritual, that the dark hue of the skin should seem only to add an appropriate charm—as Milton says of his Penseroso, whom he imagines

"Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymph's."

But though Sojourner Truth has passed away from among us as a wave of the sea, her memory still lives in one of the loftiest and most original works of modern art, the Libyan Sibyl, by Mr. Story, which attracted so much attention in the late World's Exhibition. Some years ago, when visiting Rome, I related Sojourner's history to Mr. Story at a breakfast at his house. Already had his mind begun to turn to Egypt in search of a type of art which should represent a larger and more vigorous development of nature than the cold elegance of Greek lines. His glorious Cleopatra was then in process of evolution, and his mind was working out the problem of her broadly developed nature, of all that slumbering weight and fulness of passion with which this statue seems charged, as a heavy thunder-cloud is charged with electricity.

The history of Sojourner Truth worked in his mind and led him into the deeper recesses of the African nature—those unexplored depths of being and feeling, mighty and dark as the gigantic depths of tropical forests, mysterious as the hidden rivers and mines of that burning continent whose life-history is yet to be. A few days after, he told me that he had conceived the idea of a statue which he should call the Libyan Sibyl. Two years subsequently, I revisited Rome, and found the gorgeous Cleopatra finished, a thing to marvel at, as the creation of a new style of beauty, a new manner of art. Mr. Story requested me to come and repeat to him the history of Sojourner Truth, saying that the conception had never left him. I did so; and a day or two after, he showed me the clay model of the Libyan Sibyl. I have never seen the marble statue; but am told by those who have, that it was by far the most impressive work of art at the Exhibition.

A notice of the two statues from the London *Athenæum* must supply a description which I cannot give:

"The Cleopatra and the Sibyl are seated, partly draped, with the characteristic Egyptian gown, that gathers about the *torso* and falls freely around the limbs; the first is covered to the bosom, the second bare to the hips. Queenly Cleopatra rests back against her chair in meditative ease, leaning her cheek against one hand, whose elbow the rail of the seat sustains; the other is outstretched upon her knee, nipping its forefinger upon the thumb thoughtfully, as though some firm, wilful purpose filled her brain, as it seems to set those luxurious features to a smile as if the whole woman 'would.' Upon her head is the coif, bearing in front the mystic *uræus*, or twining basilisk of sovereignty, while from its sides depend the wide Egyptian lappels, or wings, that fall upon her shoulders. The *Sibilla Libica* has crossed her knees—an action universally held amongst the ancients as indicative of reticence or secrecy, and of power to bind. A secret-keeping looking dame she is, in the full-bloom proportions of ripe womanhood, wherein choosing to place his figure the sculptor has deftly gone between the disputed point whether these women were blooming and wise in youth, or deeply furrowed with age and burdened with the knowledge of centuries, as Virgil, Livy and Gellius say. Good artistic example might be quoted on both sides. Her forward elbow is propped upon one knee; and to keep her secrets closer, for this Libyan woman is the closest of all the Sibyls, she rests her shut mouth upon one closed palm, as if holding the African mystery deep in the brooding brain that looks out through mournful, warning eyes, seen under the wide shade of the strange horned (ammonite) crest, that bears the mystery of the Tetragrammaton upon its upturned front. Over her full bosom, mother of myriads as she was, hangs the same symbol. Her face has a Nubian cast, her hair wavy and plaited, as is meet."

We hope to see the day when copies both of the Cleopatra and the Libyan Sibyl shall adorn the Capitol at Washington.

GEORGE THOMPSON,

AND HIS VINDICATION OF THE AMERICAN CAUSE IN ENGLAND.

THE feelings and opinions of the people of England in regard to the struggle in this country for the maintenance of free institutions against the uprising of a slave oligarchy, are no longer problematical. From one end of the kingdom to the other—in every considerable city, town, or village—popular gatherings are testifying, in the most emphatic manner, and with surprising unanimity, in laudation of President Lincoln, and in favor of the American government; and also expressing the strongest abhorrence of negro slavery and all its confederate abettors. Neither the wily artifices of Southern emissaries on their soil, nor the mercenary efforts of purchased journals to mislead them, concerning the true issue between the contending parties, have availed aught. It is evident that Sharpe, and Wilberforce, and Clarkson, and Macaulay, and Buxton, did not labor simply for their day and generation. These sublime and inspiring manifestations are the voice of the British people to the British government—a voice which that government will not dare to disregard.

Of course, various causes and instrumentalities have conspired to produce this wide-spread and concurrent expression of British sympathy and support. Much of it is due to the speeches and writings of such men as John Stuart Mill, John Bright, Perronet Thompson and Rev. Newman Hall. But it is not to disparage any of these efficient colaborers to say, that to no one is so much credit due for this magnificent result as to George Thompson. Understanding the whole American question better than any other Englishman, having made himself familiar by thirty years' investigation with all the facts pertaining to the rise, progress, nature, grasping power, haughty usurpation, horrible perfidy, and desperate aim for universal dominion of the Slave Power in this country, he has voluntarily consecrated his time, strength, and remarkable powers of speech, for the last six months, to the work of enlightening his countrymen on the subject of the War. He has lectured with signal ability, in every part of the kingdom—addressed tens of thousands of people—elicited multitudinous expressions of private and public condemnation of the Southern conspiracy, and of good-will toward President Lincoln and his Administration—and performed an amount of labor, the value of which cannot easily be computed. This is the more noteworthy, inasmuch as Mr. Thompson's visits to this country, some years since, were attended with insult, persecution and danger in every direction at the North; and he had much to remember which was not calculated to excite gratifying reflections. But conscious that, however misunderstood, misrepresented, or outraged, he was always the true friend of America, he has blotted out the past, forgotten all personal grievances, rushed to our rescue in the hour of peril, and secured to our side all that is worth having among those whose boast still justly is, that "slaves cannot breathe in England."

The time has come, we think, when justice and gratitude alike demand of all loyal, freedom-loving Americans some expression or testimonial at their hands, indicative of their appreciation of the eminent service he has rendered to our government in these perilous times.

In this connection a brief biographical sketch of Mr. Thompson will be interesting to our readers.

He was born in Liverpool, June 9, 1804, and, consequently, is in the 59th year of his age. When two years old, he accompanied his parents to London, and has ever since made that city his abode.

In youth, he began to exhibit that debating and elocutionary talent for which he has since made himself famous. His attention being drawn to the struggle going on for the abolition of British colonial slavery, he offered his services to the London Anti-Slavery Society as a lecturing agent, was accepted, and by his electric eloquence immediately made so powerful an impression on the public mind as to induce the West India interest to send into the field, as its special champion, Mr. Peter Borthwick, remarkable for his audacity, unscrupulousness, and fluency of speech, whose mission it was to follow Mr. Thompson through the kingdom, and, if possible, drive him from the field. The combatants had their first encounter at Manchester—then at Liverpool, Edinburg, Glasgow, and other towns in England and Scotland—Borthwick ultimately retreating, utterly discomfited, and unable to face the moral disgust and indignation excited by his course. Mr. Thompson acquitted himself with such extraordinary ability, and to such general acceptance, that the citizens of Edinburg presented him with an elegant service of plate. A similar token of regard was tendered by the citizens of Glasgow.

The passage of the Abolition Act by Parliament, in 1833, was largely owing to the thorough rousing of the moral and religious sentiment of England by the powerful appeals of this orator. At that time, he intended to qualify himself for the English bar, and had he done so would unquestionably have attained distinction in his profession. But he was strongly solicited, in behalf of the American Abolitionists, to visit the United States, for the purpose of aiding the infant cause of abolition in this country. Turning his back upon his well-earned popularity at home, and then abandoning all hope of professional eminence, he accepted the overture, and sailed with his family for New York in August, 1834. On his arrival in this city—so prompt was the pro-slavery spirit to meet his advent—he was refused accommodations at every respectable hotel! From that time until his departure in December, 1835, he lectured in favor of Immediate Emancipation with indefatigable perseverance, intrepidity and power, in various parts of the country, but chiefly in New England. He was branded as a paid emissary, sent over by the British government to destroy the American Union, his pockets lined with gold!—though it would have been difficult to have found a spare dime in them. Everywhere he had to encounter violence; paid abductors and even hired assassins were on his track, as hunters after a wild beast! But if his appeals had been heeded at that time, there had been no civil war now!

On his return home in January, 1836, a handsome subscription in honor of his services, at home and abroad, was contributed by the leading philanthropists in the kingdom.

He immediately began agitating for the abolition of that pernicious remnant of West India slavery, negro apprenticeship; and had the satisfaction of seeing his labors crowned with success in 1838. For this service he received the thanks of Lord Brougham in the House of Lords, on the 16th of July of that year. Himself one of the most eloquent of orators, Lord B., at a public meeting, paid Mr. Thompson the following compliment:

"I have always great pleasure in listening to Mr. Thompson, who is the most eloquent man and the most accomplished orator whom I know; and as I have no opportunity of hearing him where he ought to speak, inside the walls of Parliament, I am anxious never to lose an opportunity of hearing him, where alone I can, in a public meeting like the present."

Mr. Thompson next espoused the cause of the oppressed natives of India against the rapacity of the East India Company. He assisted in the formation of British India Societies, and lectured extensively "on the condition, resources and prospects of British India, and the duties and responsibilities to do justice to that vast empire."

In 1841, Mr. Thompson entered the Court of Proprietors of East India Stock, and under the privileges of his new position powerfully vindicated the Rajah of Sattara—advocated the extension of the permanent Revenue Settlement to the Upper Provinces—and opposed the Affghan war. Repelling the ungenerous insinuation, that he was the appointed and feed advocate of the dethroned prince, he nobly replied—"If the advocate of the Rajah, I am his unknown and unbought advocate. My name, it uttered in his ears, would be an unmeaning sound. I hope for nothing from his gratitude, as I fear nothing from the displeasure of those from whom I differ."

Mr. Thompson next gave his advocacy to the anti-Corn law movement in 1842, the triumph of which was greatly owing to his untiring exertions, as well as to the labors of Cobden, Bright, Wilson, and their associates. For the service, thus rendered, he was presented with a piece of plate at Southampton, in the presence of four thousand spectators. The Corn law monopolists endeavored to secure him on their side by promising to put him in a position of pecuniary independence, and to advance any political object he might cherish! Of course he spurned the bribe, and held fast to his integrity.

In 1849, Mr. Thompson was elected a member of Parliament from the Tower Hamlets, though opposed by the whole influence of the government, and did good service by his voice and votes in the cause of reform.

In 1850, he made a recreative visit to this country; and, though not designing to enter into the lecturing field, occupied his time mainly in lectures upon British India and American slavery.

Subsequently he took a voyage to India, and remained there investigating the condition of the natives until his health broke down, when he returned home in a paralytic state, from which it was supposed he could not recover. After protracted helplessness he gradually regained the use of his limbs, and has since been able to perform considerable labor, though not with his pristine vigor. The American struggle, however, seems to have rejuvenated his physical and mental powers, and his recent speeches have been characterized by his old eloquence and inspiration.

Last month, the friends of Mr. Thompson gave a soirée in his honor at the Whittington Club, London, the Right Hon. Lord Teynham in the chair. The address to him said:

"Especially have you renewed the admiration and esteem of countless friends on both sides of the Atlantic by the orations that, during the last two years, have so greatly helped to revive in England the old anti-slavery ardor, and to vindicate the great American people from the charges by which it is sought to gain British sympathy for the Southern slaveholding rebels. You have by these labors shown yourself the equal friend of both nations, and alike of liberty and peace. We earnestly trust you will live to enjoy the fullest reward of those priceless and disinterested services, live not only to represent the English people in their national council, but to receive in Washington the thanks of a Congress gathered from all quarters of the Republican territory, and legislating for a commonwealth that contains neither a rebel nor a slave."

We bring our sketch to a close by quoting the language of another: "May the God who has been his guide and protector hitherto, and thrown over him his shield in the hour of peril, and made him the honored instrument of achieving much in the cause of suffering humanity, still be his conductor and defense, and make him yet more abundantly honored and useful! And when at last he ceases to labor and to live, may the INDIAN and the NEGRO hold in equal and grateful affection the memory of the labors and triumphs of GEORGE THOMPSON!"

—*Independent.* A GRATEFUL ADMIRER.

NAPOLEON THE MAGNIFICENT.*

"List of subscriptions for the relief of the unemployed workmen of the Seine-Inferieure:

"The Emperor of the French, 25,000 francs, etc., etc."—*Moniteur.*

Lo, through our valleys late so gay,
With work and song so cheerful then,
Are wandering, silent, slow, to-day,
A hundred thousand starving men!
But, hungry brothers, be content;
Come, stifle all those wailing sounds—
Napoleon the Magnificent
Presents you with One Thousand Pounds!

What! more than two whole pence a-head!
Why, Fould will break his heart, I fear—
"Too much from one poor prince," he said,
"With but three million pounds a year!
To rob himself he seems content,
This Hero's bounty passes bounds"—
Napoleon the Magnificent
Subscribes, you see, One Thousand Pounds!

Just think what such a sum could buy!
A hunting horse—a masker's coat—
Smiles from an actress's bright eye—
A Senator's impartial vote!
What would ye more, ye discontent?
Shame on ye, base and whining hounds!
Napoleon the Magnificent
Has he not given One Thousand Pounds?

In England, true, the other day,
The banker, trader, workman, lord,
To feed their poor, the papers say,
Uncounted heaps of sovereigns poured;
But then to Mexico they sent
No troops; they guard no Papal grounds—
Napoleon the Magnificent
He *does*—yet gives One Thousand Pounds!

To shine the hope of the oppressed,
To soothe the sorrows of the poor,
With such a mission France is blest;
Our Emperor now makes it sure!
On Charity and Progress bent,
His noble spirit knows no bounds—
Napoleon the Magnificent
Has given as proof One Thousand Pounds!

And when the tale of our distress
More late shall meet our children's eyes,
They'll read this marvel of largesse
And start with rapture and surprise!
For History o'er her tablets bent
Records the deed—Fame's trumpet sounds—
"Napoleon the Magnificent
Gave starving France One Thousand Pounds!"

J. M'C.

* This translation of a French poem which has been